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*FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.*

## ADVERSARIA.

NO IX.

UPON reviewing this series, I find I have not strictly pursued my original plan, which was merely to give detached remarks on such books as I might meet with in the course of my reading, and sometimes to avail myself of the labours of others, by extracts from their works, accompanied by brief critical observations. Instead of conforming to this intention, I have so far deviated from it as to introduce long essays on some topics, which I fear may mock the patience of a desultory reader of magazines. This is a fault to which every one is liable, and which, therefore, ought to find an apology in every breast. We are all loquacious where our feelings are interested; but I hope mine have never so far overcome my prudence, as to make me too copious where I should have been brief, and to compel the lassitude of a literary loiterer to exclaim that these lucubrations are like

——— A twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

But let them be read as the amusement of a solitary recluse, who has little other resource to while away the mournful stillness of the midnight hour, than his book and his pen; and their writer will readily be excused if he continue the same occasionally prolix, and perhaps even tedious style in which he has indulged himself.

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Women have, in general, many advantages over us in the nuptial state, and many opportunities of retaliating on us the hardships and inconveniences that some few of them may suffer from the brutal and tyrannical part of our sex. Yet it must be allowed there is something capriciously cruel in what most men expect from their wives. They are displeased with them for seeming to feel any jealousy of their fidelity, even if they know they deserve it; and yet they would be hurt if they thought such a circumstance would give them real uneasiness. This species of injustice is shown in more

trifling circumstances than nuptial infidelity. A man dislikes that his wife should express any symptoms of discontent, when he declares his intention to leave her and dine at a tavern with his friends; and yet he would not be pleased to hear her say, especially if he thought she spoke her thoughts, "Pray, my dear, go: I shall be just as happy without you."

In this case, a man in a profession has an advantage over an idle man. His business will give him pretences for enjoying convivial society, without hurting the self-opinion of his wife. For women can hardly allow the possibility, which undoubtedly exists in men of a social character, of other company being preferred occasionally to their own, without its being a proof of their husband's decreasing affection.

In fact, women, when they love, are much more attached than men. I really believe few women would wish for any other company than that of the husband they loved, while he behaved with kindness and attention.

As human nature, in all ages and countries, must have been essentially the same, under the same circumstances, it is surprising that all the ancient ethic writers should consider the being under the dominion of a wife a consequence of marrying a woman of fortune, since experience shows the fact at present to be directly the reverse. The very few men who maintain an uncontrouled sway over their wives and families will be found, almost without exception, among those who have married for interest. And the reason of this seems clear; for, besides the natural tendency which persons in a dependent situation have to employ every effort to get out of it, an ascendancy, in such a connection as marriage, is not gained or maintained by the same causes as in the common affairs of life. In marriage, the person who loves most will certainly be governed; and the person who has the largest fortune will, in matches formed by the parties themselves, generally have most love on their side. To this may be added a characteristic of the sex, put into the mouth of Booth, by that inimitable delineator of life and manners, Henry Fielding. "Women," he says, "generally love to be on the obliging side; and if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, than such as they have received obligations from*."

Attention and assiduity make the strongest impression on the hearts of women. Therefore men in the lowest order of society have by far the best opportunities of gaining the real affection of their mistresses. What is the attention of picking up a fan, or handing a lady to a coach, compared with the frequent acts of kindness that may be shown in the hay or harvest field? But as the days of pastoral refinement, as well as chivalry, are past, it is doubtful whether the labourers of the present day often avail themselves of this advantage. Yet the most polite lover, if he possess sensibility, knows this, and the most accomplished woman feels it. An assiduity, expressing a real anxiety to serve her, and especially the appearance of serious alarm for *her* safety, and a total disregard of *his own*, in the moment of real or supposed danger, will give the lover more interest in the heart of his mistress, than a ten year's siege of courtly compliment.

Plato censures the dramatic poets for their exhibition of vicious manners, on the supposition that the actors, as well as the poet, will acquire bad habits from frequently assuming such characters. This,

* An observation of the same sort is made on mankind in general by Thucydides, in the funeral oration spoken by Pericles. "The person who confers the favour is always the most steady friend, being desirous to preserve that kindness on account of which it was conferred; while the love of the person owing the obligation is weaker, being conscious rather of discharging a debt, than showing his own kindness."

perhaps, may be refining too much; but undoubtedly the assuming a character in real life, must have a great influence on the actual character of the person assuming it. There is truth in the common proverb, that "custom is second nature." Has not then the fashion, which enjoins the appearance of total indifference in a young couple to each other in company, after marriage, a strong tendency to produce real indifference? Surely a woman must feel a little hurt at being neglected in public by the man who, a few days before, seemed only to live for her service; and the contrast of this neglect to the unremitted, or probably increased, attention of other former admirers, must make impressions in her mind not very favourable to domestic happiness. I think nothing so pleasing as the marked attention of young married persons to each other. I am far from meaning a childish and disgusting display of fondness, and still further, that kind of behaviour we sometimes find among ill-bred people, at a third person's table, which is a tacit censure of the politeness of the host. The attention should something resemble that which lovers pay to each other, when in company with persons, before whom they wish to be on their guard.

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The arguments for and against the necessity of making a knowledge of the ancient languages a great object of education, are generally carried on by two descriptions of people: one anxious to over-value what they possess, the other to depreciate what they do not understand. Certainly a learned education is not so absolutely essential now as it was two centuries ago, when there was scarcely a book of science written in the fluctuating dialects of the times. At present the most valuable books in every branch of literature are to be found in the modern languages, and every thing of antiquity that translation can convey, is to be read in good translations. But the superlative beauty of the languages themselves, the style of the writers, and, above all, the excellence of the poetry, cannot be transfused into a translation; and the enjoyment of these, to a man who has genius to enjoy them, is well worth all the labour employed in studying the originals. But there are also other advantages to be considered. It is impossible to be critically skilled in our own language without a knowledge of Greek and Latin, as we have such a multiplicity of words derived from both,

> Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry,
> Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain*.

which speak their meaning at once to the scholar, but are mere arbitrary sounds to the illiterate. Then we can scarcely read twenty pages in many books, even on lively subjects, without meeting a Latin quotation. A man often cuts an awkward figure, in the opinion even of ladies, if he cannot explain a Latin sentence. In this case the question is not only how things ought to be, but how they are. No man can have any pretence to shine as a literary character who is totally deficient in classical knowledge. So interwoven are its branches with every part of modern literature, that some acquaintance with it is absolutely necessary to every reader, even of a love-song; and what active mind can be contented with a superficial knowledge of any thing?

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Hogarth's unconquerable vanity induced him to try his pencil in the serious walk of historical composition. His several unsuccessful attempts did not deter him from the hopeless project of attaining in it a degree of reputation equal to that he had obtained in the line of humour and caricature. In this he was wofully disappointed: his por-

* West's Pindar.

traits and historical pieces were almost as ridiculous as comic ones. His favourite Sigismunda was scarcely human; but such was his reputation, or the dread of his satirical pencil, that he was paid very considerable sums for this and his other uninteresting serious pieces. The idea of Sigismunda was taken from Dryden's admirable fable of Sigismunda and Guiscardo, from Boccace; she is, in the painting, represented in the attitude of receiving, in a rich goblet, the heart of her murdered lover, presented to her by order of her inhuman father.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fixed her eyes;
Then thus, tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart.

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One of the neatest epigrams I recollect is that of the facetious Garrick on Dr. Hill, a physician and a dramatic author.

For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

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A wit of the sixteenth century, whose extravagance had obliged him to dispose of a great part of his paternal property, once exclaimed to his servant, as he was riding over one of these estates, called Nyland,

John, John, this Nyland,
Alas, once was my land;

to which honest John, with admirable promptness, replied:

If you had had more wit, sir,
It might have been yours yet, sir,

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Churchill, who had studiously formed himself on the model of Dryden, was always a warm advocate for the superiority of that poet over Pope. Davies gives us the following anecdote on this subject:

Churchill held Pope so cheap, that one of his most intimate friends assured me that he had some thoughts of attacking his poetry; and another gentleman informed me that, in a convivial hour, he wished the bard of Twickenham was alive, that he might have an opportunity to make him bring forth all his art of poetry; for he would not only have a struggle with him for pre-eminence, but endeavour to break his heart. Davies adds that this must be considered as a wild effusion over a bottle. The private character of Pope chiefly excited Churchill's antipathy, and certainly gave rise to a design of systematically attacking the *sweet swan of Thames*, which, on more mature consideration, he abandoned.

Churchill was not singular in his preference: Voltaire, comparing the two poets, says, Pope drove gently about town a neat gilt chariot, with a pair of bays, whilst Dryden poured along the plain a full gallop in a coach with six fiery horses. Dr. Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, after a very minute investigation of their respective merits, gives a decided preference to Dryden.

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What a strange, but how forcible a comparison is that of good old bishop Taylor, when, speaking of men who have deferred settling their account with heaven and their own conscience till they are on the point of departure from this world, he says, *you might as well wrestle with a bull in a closet.* This will bear a comparison with an expression of our northern friends, who say, on particular occasions, you might as well put a blind horse in a *chany* shop.

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As the contending, and almost equally acknowledged powers of fashion and taste are frequently consulted by the fairest votaries of vanity and pleasure, I shall, for the

instruction of the lovely and rational part of the attractive sex, endeavour to describe their different attributes.

Fashion is the offspring of caprice, and of a fantastic appearance. Its nurse was the camelion: air-nourished, and perpetually changing. Cherished into strength, it sought the busy scenes of gallantry and fancy. Its first resting-place was amidst the false ringlets of a Gallic coquet. For a time it presided among the Athenian women, laughing philosophy to scorn. Sometimes it visited the temples of Roman gallantry, while Roman hardihood bowed before its altar. It has been known to rule the destiny of Gallic monarchs; to revel in the huge ruff and stiffened deformity of the vain Elizabeth; and it even stamped the passport to preferment during the reign of the second Charles, in the then licentious court of Britain.

Fashion patronized the savage Hottentots in their disgusting decorations; cramped the fine feet of the Chinese; and revelled in the shadow of their half-closed eye-lids. Fashion commended the prim coquets of Vandyke, and the voluptuous forms, the languishing eyes of the *canvas-breathing sensualist*, sir Peter Leyley. Fashion is decked with flowers, feathers, tinsels, jewels, beads, and all the garish profusion of degenerated fancy. It makes idiots of its votaries, and yet we sometimes see the wisest governed by its influence.

Taste is a mild, a beauteous female, of Grecian extraction, simply but elegantly adorned. Her brows are crowned with a profusion of Heaven's gifts, and her flight never extends beyond the boundaries of nature. It was originally her office to fold the drapery of her native vestments, and to braid the glossy tresses of Circassian virgins. She presided over the poetry of Sappho; she assisted in the sculpture of the Medicean Venus; gave the warm glow to the pencil of Claude de Lorraine; grouped the figures of Michael Angelo; and blended the colours which immortalized the breathing pencil of Titian. It was hers to illumine the mind of the British Reynolds, as it will be her office to consecrate his memory. Taste, though deprived of the power she once held over the minds of enlightened mortals, still asserts her empire in the thoughts and manners of the discriminating few.

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Many novels in our language may be read with innocence and safety. Those of Fielding, of Richardson, of Radcliffe, and of Miss Burney, no man of taste will peruse without pleasure, no man of reflection without improvement. But far different from these are the volumes which usually crowd the shelves of a circulating library, or are seen tumbling on the sophas of a fashionable drawing-room. It is not the occasional perusal of the best, but the habitual reading of the worst, which it is the wish of every wise and good man to censure and restrain. Not a few of these, instead of possessing that ease, perspicuity, and elegance of style, which should seem essential to lighter compositions, and works intended only for amusement, are so defective in the common properties of expression, and even the common rules of grammar, that they cannot fail to corrupt the language, and deprave the taste, of all who bestow their time and attention upon them.

The authors of others seem ambitious, on every occasion, to introduce, not only foreign idioms and phraseology, and the inflated efflorescence of Gallic oratory, but such colloquial terms and sentences from the French writers, as they would persuade us, convey their ideas with greater force or perspicuity than any expression which our own defective language can supply. The real motive of the writers is, probably, nothing more than the contemptible affectation of superior learning; but the practice has an obvious tendency to corrupt the purity, and destroy the character of our English dic-

tion, and, as far as it is in the power of novelists to affect it, to reduce us to babble a dialect of France. Some of these publications betray such a laxity in their doctrines of morality, and exhibit such a licentiousness of sentiment and description, as cannot fail to inflame the passions which they ought to restrain, and to undermine the virtue which they profess to support. Others are made the vehicle of principles, in direct hostility to every political and religious establishment. A still greater, because a more general fault, is the misrepresentation of human character and human life. Love, resistless love, is there considered as the general agent in terrestrial transactions; as the sole distributor of good and evil; of happiness and misery, to mankind. Personal attachment, conceived at sight, and matured in a moment, bears down alike the distinctions of rank, and the maxims of prudence; and, by the magic wand of the genius of romance, the daughter of a cottager is exalted into a countess, and the labourer at the anvil and the mine soon graces the court and the drawing-room. The hero and the heroine are involved in distresses in which no mortal ever was involved, and generally delivered by means by which none but themselves ever were delivered. They are, however, always married at last, and attain, in the possession of each other, such happiness as no human being ever attained, and such as nature and providence, with all their bounty, never will bestow.

By the constant perusal of narratives of this description, the youth of both sexes are encouraged to cherish expectations that never can be realized, and to form notions of each other, which painful experience will every day refute. The mind too, by exercising only its weaker powers, becomes enervated and enfeebled, disgusted with the tumult of business, or the roughness of contradiction, the most valuable season of life is spent in the sport of musing, instead of the labour of thinking, in the indulgence of the fairy visions of hope, and the reveries of a perverted imagination, instead of the pursuit of science, the formation of maxims of wisdom, and the establishment of the principles of moral duty.

The votes of the judicious are undoubtedly against that folly, so fashionable and fascinating, of novel-reading; but the practice of the majority is clearly on the other side; and against measures which they can neither approve nor prevent, all that the minority can do is to assert the arguments of truth, and to enter the protest of disapprobation.

CENTO.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## WONDERS.

IT seems the peculiar property of weak understandings to wonder at what they see, and to spend that time in being surprised, which men of sense would employ in discovering the meaning of that which caused such surprise. Pere Schiner, a jesuit of peculiarly slow talents, although a good mathematician, was sent, well pensioned, fom Vienna to Rome, in order probably to write some account of that celebrated place, for the entertainment of his benefactor, the emperor. He wondered at every thing he saw in his passage through Italy, exclaiming, "How I do *wonder* at these people! They pay one with fine speeches; they live upon sallads, and they pelt one another with pebbles!" The wonderer finished his tour just as one would expect, and carried home to his imperial master a large flint stone, which he had been taught to *wonder* at, and to purchase at a high rate, as genine oriental bezoar.

But since, in spite of all sarcasms, all admonitions, *wonderers* there will be, let us, in charity, endeavour to supply them with a few remarkably well-attested histories of events, so very surprising, and so strangely

unaccountable, that gaping and staring at them may be allowed, even to persons of common sense.

The following tale, which exactly suits the purpose, would not deserve a place in any book, except the Adventures of Baron Munchausen, had it not been told in a public company by no less respectable a man than Dr. Henry Seabury, late bishop of Connecticut. He mentioned, as an instance of the long retention of life in some animals, that he was present at West Chester, in the state of New York, when the body of a turtle, intended for dinner (its head having been previously cut off), was unaccountably missing. In spite of a long search, it was not found till the next day, and then it was discovered in a field, near two miles from the house, to which it was believed to have found its own way, although two or three low fences must have been, some how or other, passed by it. To add to the wonder, it was so full of life, after it was brought home, that while the master was chiding his servant for his negligence, the headless trunk had actually found its way out of doors, and was returning to its old haunt.

Wonderers may, if they please, exert their amazement at the astonishing longevity of a tortoise, who was seen in good health, at Bombay, on the Malabar coast, by captain Sutherland, who commanded an Indiaman in or about the year 1762. This venerable animal had been left by the Portuguese, as an heir-loom, when they delivered up the fortress to the English, as part of the portion of princess Katherine, in 1662. The strength of this creature's shell enabled him to bear the weight of three soldiers at a time; and old as he was, he would make a very considerable circuit, daily, to collect his common provender.

A creditable traveller tells us of a yew tree, at Perrone, in Picardy, which affected him with more astonishment than any object he ever saw. It grew in the centre of the cloyster, near the great church; and before it was lopped, it had darkened the whole building, and completely covered the cloyster. Its trunk was prodigiously large, more so than that of any tree he had ever seen before, or has seen since. But the more than traditional history of the tree is a genuine subject for wonder. The monk who, with great politeness, did the honours of the place, affirmed, that in the *Tresor*, there was still existing the grant of those lands, being then a wood of yew trees, on which the church is built, dated in the year 660. That, in the said grant, the present yew tree is particularly directed to remain (the rest of the wood being rooted out) as a centre to the building, and is pointed out by the name of *the old yew tree*. No tree, perhaps, had ever its antiquity carried up quite so high before, and upon such very plausible authority.

Naude gives great food for wonderers, when he speaks of a species of scorpions in Italy, which are not only innocent, but so domestic as to be put between sheets, to cool the beds during the heat of the summer.

The following artless narrative may also assuredly be wondered at, without justly drawing any charge of folly on the wonderers. It is an extract from a memorandum book, in the hand-writing of Paul Bowes, Esq., son of sir Thomas Bowes, of London, and of Bromley-Hall, Essex, knight, and dated 1673. The memorandum book came afterwards into the possession of Mr. Broke, of Nacton, in Suffolk, who is a descendant from the family, and who had in his possession, in 1783, when he suffered the extract to be made for publication, two or three of the pieces of money referred to in the story.

About the year 1658, after I had been some years settled in the Middle Temple, in a chamber in Elm-court, up three pair of stairs, one night as I came into my chamber, in the dark, I went into my study, in the dark, to lay down my gloves upon the table in my study, for I then, being my own man, placed

my things in their certain places, that I could go to them in the dark; and as I layed my gloves down, I felt under my hand a piece of money, which I then supposed, by feeling, to be a shilling; but when I had light, I found it a twenty-shilling piece of gold: I did a little reflect how it might come there, yet could not satisfye my own thoughts, for I had no clyent then, it being several years before I was called to the bar, and I had few visitors that might by accident drop it there, and no friends in town that might designedly lay it there as a bate, to encourage me at my study; and although I was the master of some gold, yet I had so few pieces, I well knew it was none of my number; but, however, this being the first time I found gold, I supposed it left there by some means which I could not guess at. About three weeks after, coming again into my chamber in the dark, and laying down my gloves at the same place in my study, I felt under my hand a piece of money, which also proved a twenty-shilling piece of gold; this moved me to further consideration; but, after all my thoughtfulness, I could not imagine any probable way how the gold could come there, and thereupon I was tempted to feel oftentimes, in the dark, in that place for more gold there, but I don't remember that I ever found any when I went with those expectations and desires. About a month after the second time, coming into my chamber in the dark, and laying down my gloves upon the same place, on the table in my study, as I used to do, I felt two pieces of money under my hand, which, after I had lighted my candle, I found to be two twenty-shilling pieces; and, after this, in the same place, and in the dark, I found another piece of gold, and this about the distance of a month, or five or six weeks. I several times after, at the same place, and always in the dark, found twenty-shilling pieces of gold; at length being with my cousin Langton, grandmother to my cousin Susan Skipwith, lately married to sir John Williams, I told her this story, and I don't remember that I ever found any gold there after, although I kept that chamber above two years longer, before I sold it to Mr. Anthony Weldon, who now hath it (this being 23d September, 1673). Thus I have, to the best of my remembrance, truly stated this fact, but could never know, or have any probable conjecture, how that gold was laid there.

Captain Allen, the writer of the following story, was well known as a man of character and honour. After his death, a number of diaries, which he regularly kept, were sold by auction; and it is from one of them that this extract is taken: the affair was doubtlessly a gross imposture; but why so many persons should have joined in such a conspiracy, is a mystery; and yet it seems that the master of the house must have had all or most of his servants as partakers of the plot.

Extract from a manuscript diary of captain Allen, since gentleman usher to her present majesty, A. D. 1751.

Friday, October 4, at eleven, set out from Yarum for Skinningrave, the house of one Mr. Appleby, of which Mr. Jackson was giving a very odd account he had from the Rev. Mr. Midgeley, of an apparition which haunted the house in a very remarkable manner. As I am very incredulous in these notions of spirits, I was determined to take a journey thither to know the truth, and, if possible, to have all conviction, either by ocular, or auricular proof. Accordingly, I arrived there about eight at night, and asking for Mr. Appleby (whom I found a sensible man, with a great gentility of behaviour for a tanner), I told him I had taken the liberty, after hearing such and such reports, to come and ask a few questions relating to a spirit that was said to trouble his house; and that if it would not be inconvenient, I should be obliged to

him if he would accommodate me with a room all night. He told me I was extremely welcome, and that he was obliged to any gentlemen that would give themselves the trouble to come; and did not doubt but that he should satisfy them, by the account he would give them, which he declared, as he should answer at the great tribunal, should be true, sincere, and undisguised, and should contain no incident but what had happened, and been transacted in his house (at first to the grief and amazement of himself, his wife, and four servants), by this invisible and unaccountable agent. He said that it was five weeks since it had left them, and that once before they were quiet of it for three weeks, and then it returned, with double the noise and confusion they had before.

In the first place he assured me they had never seen any thing, but that the noise and havock which they had in the house was amazing; that they all were so frightened, that one night, about one o'clock, they thought to quit the house, and retire to a neighbour; that they could get no sleep, by reason of their beds being stript of the clothes, and thrown upon the ground; that the women were thrown into fits, by being oppressed with a weight upon their stomachs, equal to a hundred weight; upon this they moved all their beds into one room, determined to share an equal fate; so that two men lay in one bed, two women in another, and the man and his wife in the third; no sooner were they in bed, but the spirit visited them, the door being locked and barred. It first walked along the room, something like a man, but with an uncommon step; immediately the maids cried out they were next to death, by a monstrous weight upon them; on which Mr. Appleby immediately came to their relief; that upon his approaching the beds, something leapt off, walked round him, which he, being a man of courage, followed, and endeavoured to take hold of, but in vain. Upon this he retired to his bed, and immediately the maids called out, they were losing the clothes off the bed; he told them to pull hard, which they did, but they* were immediately taken with a violent force, and thrown upon the men: after this it rattled a chain, with a great noise round the room, and instantaneously they were alarmed with a noise over their heads, of a man threshing, as it were threshing corn with a flail, and in a minute was answered by another, and this continued for fifteen minutes in a very regular way, stroke for stroke, as if two men were threshing; then it descended into the room where they were in bed, and acted the same. Another night it came grunting like a hog, and after, imitated the noise of a swine eating its food; sometimes it would, in the middle of the room, make a noise like the pendulum of a clock, only much faster; and they assured me that it continued in their room one morning in June till past five o'clock, and Mrs. Appleby, and all of them, saw the clothes taken off them, and flung with violence upon the maid servants; but nothing could they discover, neither conceive how they were thus strangely conveyed. Upon these surprising things being done, it was rumoured abroad that the house was strongly haunted, and Mr. Moore, the landlord, and justice Beckwith, went to Appleby, and often talking with him, and examining the servants, and telling them this was a concerted scheme among them for some purpose, they agreed to sit up all night. As they were putting the glass about, something entered the room, accompanied with a noise like squirting water out of a squirt, upon which they, with a change of countenance, asked him what that was? Appleby answered, "It was only a taste of what he every night had a sufficiency of." Mr. Moore advised him to keep a gun laden, and when he heard it in the room, to discharge the piece.

* Probably the *clothes*, not the *maids*.

The night following, the family being in bed as usual, it came, and making a sudden stand, threw something upon the ground, which seemed to them as if some sort of seed had fallen out of a paper. In the morning, Mrs. Appleby, looking about the room, wondering what it could be that had been cast upon the ground, gathered up a considerable quantity of gunpowder in corns, which greatly surprised her. The next night it came in the same manner, but what it let fall made a greater noise, like shot, and in the morning, they, to their real astonishment, found a great many shots. This afforded room for strange conjectures; and accordingly she told me she then did not know what to think, whether it was really an apparition or not: for that the scattering of this powder and shot the very two succeeding nights after Mr. Moore advised them to shoot, greatly disconcerted them, though again, upon reflection, they had had so many proofs of something more than it was possible for any human creature to perform, that she was again led to believe it must be something not of this world, and that in the throwing down the powder and shot, it might be done in contempt, and was as much as to say, "What, you would shoot me?" Once when it was in the midst of its career, one of the men, after composing himself for the purpose, addressed it in these words: In the name of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what art thou, and what dost thou want? if any person here can contribute to thy ease, speak, and nothing shall be omitted that can procure it. During the time he was speaking it was silent, but immediately upon his ceasing it began its usual noise; when he spoke again the same words but no answer followed. Mr. Appleby declared, that one night, when his servants were very merry, dancing and making a considerable noise, that this goblin made so much greater disturbance over their heads, as one would have thought that twenty people were dancing there; upon which he went up then with a light, but nothing could he discover.—When he told me this surprising narration, which he delivered with so much plainness and sincerity, free from embarrassment, I own I was something staggered, for he gave not the least cause to suspect his veracity. And, upon my examining all his servants, they, without any hesitation, confirmed what their master had advanced: so that my expectation of hearing the reports which I had heard refuted, was entirely frustrated, and I no little surprised to hear them so strongly vouched.

I desired to lie in the room which this troublesome guest the most frequented; but they told me it occupied the whole house, and no room escaped; so I retired to my apartment at eleven, and read Milton till about one, then went to bed, not without wishing, yet not presumptuously, that I might have some strange conviction before morning, but met with none, and after a good night's sleep, arose at seven. One cannot help observing, upon this affair, that as the man could have no advantage or end to answer in propagating this story, but, on the contrary, is known to be a person of veracity, and not addicted to lying, it would almost incline one to believe it: I say *almost*, for I own I should give more credit to the thing if I had conviction, either ocular or auricular, and that one cannot think the man so base as to assert, so strongly as he does, a falsity, and know it to be such, for, if it is a collusion, it cannot be carried on without his privity; so that, upon the whole, this is my opinion, I believe, and don't believe.

One cannot help observing that the very circumstance of the powder and shot ought to have opened the eyes of captain Allen. Could the most credulous listener to a ghost-story, believe that a spirit could buy, or steal, such gross substances? Another remark naturally occurs: wherever country-folks hear preternatural noises, they are

always noises connected with rustic occupations and ideas. Thus, Mr. Appleby's spirits sometimes thrashed like a labourer, and sometimes grunted like a hog. Similar to this is the behaviour of a brother spectre, at F——, in Berks, who has kept, and still keeps, possession of the staircase belonging to an antique mansion for many years. This truly rusticated being entertains himself, very often, in the dead of the night, in carrying sacks of invisible corn from the bottom to the landing-place on the top of the great stairs, which he there empties. Of this, farmer W. (a man of an excellent character), and his wife, and family are as fully persuaded, as of their existence. Milton's "lubbar-fiend," was formed from the ghosts which haunt farm-houses, not from the spectre which stalks through knightly halls.

CURIOSO.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## LESSONS TO BAD HORSEMEN.

*Concluded.*

HORSE-BREAKERS and grooms have a great propensity to bring a horse's head *down*, and seem to have no seat without a strong hold by the bridle. They know, indeed, that the head should yield to the reins, and the neck form an arch; but do not take the proper pains to make it an arch *upward*. A temporary effect of attempting to raise a horse's head, may perhaps be making him push out his nose. They will here tell you, that his head is too high already; whereas it is not the distance from his *nose*, but from the *top* of his head to the ground, which determines the head to be high or low. Besides, although the fault is said to be in the manner of carrying the head, it should rather be said to be in that of the neck; for if the neck was raised, the head would be more in the position of one set on a well formed neck.

The design therefore of lifting up the head, is to raise the neck, and *thereby* bring in the head; for even while the bridle makes the same line from the rider's hand to the bit, the horse's nose may be either drawn in, or thrust out, according as his neck is raised or depressed. Instead of what has been here recommended, we usually see colts broke with their heads cavessoned very low, their necks stiff, and not in the least suppled. When the breaking tackle is left off, and they are mounted for the road, having more food and rest, they frequently plunge, and a second breaking becomes necessary. Then, as few gentlemen can manage their own horses, they are put into the hands of grooms, from whom they learn a variety of bad habits.

If, on the other hand, your horse carries his head (or rather his nose) too high, he generally makes some amends by moving his shoulders lightly, and going safely. Attend to the cause of this fault. Some horses have their necks set so low on their shoulders, that they bend first down, then upward, like a stag's. Some have the upper line of their necks, from their ears to their withers, too short. A head of this sort cannot possibly bend inward and form an arch, because the vertebræ (or neck bones) are too short to admit of flexure; for in long and short necked horses the number of the vertebræ is the same. In some, the jaw is so thick, that it meets the neck, and the head by this means has not room to bend. On the other hand, some have the under line from the jaw to the breast so short, that the neck cannot rise.

In all these cases you may gain a *little* by a nice hand with an easy bit; but no curb, martingale, or other forcible method, will *teach* a horse to carry his head or neck in a posture which nature has made uneasy to him. By trying to pull in his nose farther than he can bear, you will add a bad habit to nature. You

could not indeed *contrive* a more effectual method to make him continually toss his nose up, and throw his foam over you.

The rule already given to ride a loose-necked horse, will be a proper one for all light-mouthed horses: one caution being added, which is, always to search whether his saddle or girths may not in some way pinch him; and whether the bit may not hurt his lip by being too high in his mouth: because, whenever he frets from either of these causes, his head will not be steady.

It is a common custom to be always pulling at the bridle, as if to set off to advantage either the spirit of the horse, or the skill of the rider. Our horses therefore are taught to hold their heads low, and pull so, as to bear up the rider from the saddle, standing in his stirrups, even in the gentlest gallop: how very improper is this, we are experimentally convinced, when we happen to meet with a horse which gallops otherwise. We immediately say, *he canters excellently*, and find the ease and pleasure of his motion. When horses are designed for the race, and swiftness is the only thing considered, the method may be a good one.

It is not to be wondered that *dealers* are always pulling at their horses; that they have the spur constantly in their sides, and are at the same time continually checking the rein: by this means they make them bound, and champ the bit, while their rage has the appearance of spirit. These people ride with their arms spread, and very low on the shoulders of their horses: this method makes them stretch their necks, and gives a better appearance to their fore-hands; it conceals also a thick jaw, which if the head was up, would prevent its yielding to the bit; it hides likewise the ewe-neck, which would otherwise show itself. Indeed, if you have a horse unsteady to the bit, formed with a natural heavy head, or one which carries his nose obstinately in the air, you must find his mouth where you can, and make the best of him.

Many horses are taught to start by whipping them for starting. How is it possible they can know it is designed as a punishment! In the riding-house, you teach your horse to rise up before and to spring and lash out his hinder legs, by whipping him when tied between two pillars, with his head a little at liberty. If he understood this to be a punishment for doing so, he would not by that method learn to do it. He seems to be in the same manner *taught* to spring and fly when he is frightened. Most horses would go quietly past an object they were beginning to fly from, if their riders, instead of gathering up their bridles, and showing themselves so ready, should throw the reins loose upon their necks.

When a horse starts at any thing on one side, most riders turn him out of the road, to make him go up to what he starts at: if he does not get the better of his fear, or readily comply, he generally goes past the object, making with his hinder parts, or croup, a great circle out of the road; whereas, he should learn to keep straight on, without minding objects on either side.

If he starts at any thing on the left, hold his head high, and keep it straight in the road, pulling it *from* looking at the thing he starts at, and keeping your right leg hard pressed against his side, towards his flank: he will then go straight along the road. By this method, and by turning his head a little more, he may be forced with his croup close up to what frightened him; for as his head is pulled one way, his croup necessarily turns the other. Always avoid a quarrel with your horse, if you can: if he is apt to start, you will find occasions enough to exercise his obedience, when what he starts at lies directly in his way, and you *must* make him pass; if he is not subject to start, you should not quarrel with him about a trifle.

It must be observed, however, that

this rule in going past an object may, perhaps, be a little irregular in a managed horse, which will always obey the leg; but even such a horse, if he is really afraid, and not restive, it may not be amiss to make look another way; unless the object be something you would particularly accustom him to the sight of.

The case will also be different with a horse whose fear is owing to his being not used to objects; but such a one is not to be rode by any horseman to whom these rules are directed: the starting here meant arises merely from the horse's being pampered, and springing through liveliness.

The notion of the necessity of making a horse go immediately up to every thing he is afraid of, and not suffering him to become master of his rider, seems to be in general carried too far. It is an approved and good method to conquer a horse's fear of the sound of a drum, by beating one near to him at the time of feeding him: this not only familiarizes the noise to him, but makes it pleasant, as a fore-runner of his meat; whereas, if he was whipped up to it, he might perhaps start at it as long as he lived. Might not this be applied to his starting at other things, and show that it would be better to suffer him (provided he does not turn back) to go a little from and avoid an object he has a dislike to, and to accustom him to it by degrees, convincing him, as it were, that it will not hurt him; than to punish him, quarrel with him, and perhaps submit to his will at last, while you insist on his overcoming his fear in an instant? If he sees a like object again, it is probable he will recollect his dread, and arm himself to be disobedient.

We are apt to suppose that a horse fears nothing so much as his rider: but may he not, in many circumstances, be afraid of instant destruction? of being crushed? of being drowned? of falling down a precipice? Is it a wonder that a horse should be afraid of a loaded waggon? may not the hanging load seem to threaten the falling on him? There cannot be a rule more general, than in such a case, to show him there is room for him to pass. This is done by turning his head a very little from the carriage, and pressing your leg which is farthest from it, against his side.

A horse is not to stop without a sign from his rider. Is it not then probable, that when driven up to a carriage he starts at it, he conceives himself obliged either to attack or run against it? Can he understand the rider's spurring him with his face directed to it, as a sign for him to pass it? That a horse is easily alarmed for his face and eyes (he will even catch back his head from a hand going to caress him), that he will not go with any force, face to face, even to another horse (if in his power to stop), and that he sees perfectly sideways, may be useful hints for the treatment of horses with regard to starting.

Though you ought not to whip a horse for starting, there can be no good effect from clapping his neck with your hand to encourage him. If one took any notice of his starting, it should be rather with some tone of voice which he usually understood as an expression of dislike to what he is doing; for there is *opposition* mixed with his starting, and a horse will ever repeat what he finds has foiled his rider.

Notwithstanding the directions above given, of not pressing a horse up to a carriage he starts at; yet if one which you apprehend will frighten him meets you at a narrow part of the road, when you have once let him know he is to pass it, be sure you remain determined, and press him on. Do this more especially when part of the carriage has already passed you: for if, when he is frightened, he is accustomed to go back, and turn round, he will certainly do it if he finds, by your hand slackening, and legs not pressing, that you are irresolute; and this at the most dangerous point of time, when the wheels

of the carriage take him as he turns. Remember not to touch the curb rein at this time; it will certainly check him. It is not known to every one, that the person who would lead a horse by the bridle, should not turn his face to him when he refuses to follow him: if, beside this, he raises his arms, shows his whip, or pulls the bridle with jerks, he frightens the horse, instead of persuading him to follow; which a little patience may bring about.

Ride with a snaffle; and use your curb, if you have one, only occasionally. Choose your snaffle full and thick in the mouth, especially at the ends to which the reins are fastened. Most of them are made too small and long; they cut the horse's mouth, and bend back over the bars of his jaw, working like pincers.

The management of the curb is too nice a matter to enter on here, farther than to prescribe great caution in the use of it; a turn of the wrist, rather than the weight of your arm, should be applied to it. The elasticity of a rod, when it hath hooked a fish, may give you some idea of the proper play of a horse's head on his bridle; his spirit and his pliableness are both marked by it.

A horse should never be put to do any thing in a curb which he is not ready at: you may force him, or pull his head any way with a snaffle; but a curb acts only in a straight line. It is true, that a horse will be turned out of one track into another by a curb, but it is because he knows it as a *signal*. When he is put to draw a chair, and does not understand the necessity he is then under of taking a larger sweep when he turns, you frequently see him *restive*, as it is then called: but put him on a snaffle, or buckle the rein to that part of the bit which does not curb him, and the horse submits to be pulled about, till he understands what is desired of him. These directions suppose your horse to have spirit, and a good mouth: if he has not, you must take him as he is, and ride him with such a bit as you find most easy to yourself.

When you ride a journey, be not so attentive to your horse's nice carriage of himself, as to your encouragement of him, and keeping him in good humour. Raise his head; but if he flags, you may indulge him with bearing a little more upon the bit than you would suffer in an airing. If a horse is lame, tender-footed, or tired, he naturally hangs upon his bridle. On a journey, therefore, his mouth will depend greatly on his strength and the goodness of his feet. Be then very careful about his feet, and let not a farrier spoil them.

Very few, although practised in riding, know they have any power over a horse but by the bridle; or any use for the spur, except to make him go forward. A little experience will teach them a farther use. If the left spur touches him (and he is at the same time prevented from going forward), he has a sign, which he will soon understand, to move sideways to the right. In the same manner to the left, if the right spur is closed to him: he afterward, through fear of the spur, obeys a touch of the leg; in the same manner as a horse moves his croup from one side of the stall to the other, when any one strikes him with his hand. In short, his croup is guided by the leg, as his head is by the bridle. He will never disobey the leg, unless he becomes restive. By this means you will have a far greater power over him: he will move side-ways, if you close one leg to him; and straight forward, if both: even when he stands still, your legs held near him will keep him on the watch; and with the slightest, unseen motion of the bridle upward, he will raise his head and show his forehand to advantage.

On this use of the legs of the rider, and guidance of the croup of the horse, are founded all the *airs* (as the riding-masters express themselves) which are taught in the

menage; the passage, or side-motion of troopers to close or open their files, and indeed all their evolutions. But the convenience of some degree of this discipline for common use is the reason of mentioning it here. It is useful if a horse is apt to stumble or start. If to the first, by pressing your legs to his flank, and keeping up his head, he is made to go light on his fore-legs, which is aiding and supporting him; and the same if he does actually stumble, by helping him at the very instant to exert himself, while as yet any part of him remains not irrecoverably impressed with the precipitate motion. Hence this use of the hand and legs of the rider is called *giving aids* to a horse; for, as to holding up the weight of a heavy unactive horse, by mere pulling, it is as impossible as to recover him when falling down a precipice.

A horse is supported and helped by the hands and legs of his rider in every action they require of him; hence he is said to perform his *airs* by the *aids* from his rider.

The same manner is useful if a horse starts. For if when he is beginning to fly to one side, you leg on the side he is flying to, he stops his spring immediately. He goes past what he started at, keeping straight on, or as you choose to direct him; and he will not fly back from any thing if you press him with both legs. You keep his haunches under him, going down a hill; help him on the side of a bank; more easily avoid the wheel of a carriage; and approach more gracefully and nearer to the side of a coach or horseman. When a pampered horse curvets irregularly, and twists his body to and fro, turn his head either to the right or left, or both alternately (but without letting him move out of the track), and press your leg to the opposite side: your horse cannot then spring on his hind-legs to one side, because your leg prevents him; nor to the other, because his head looks that way: a horse does not start and spring to the side on which he looks. Here it may not be amiss to observe the impropriety of the habit which many riders have, of letting their legs shake against the sides of the horse: if a horse is taught, they are then continually pressing him to violent action; and if he is not, they render him insensible and incapable of being taught. The fretting of a hot horse will hence be excessive, as it can no otherwise be moderated than by the utmost stillness of the seat, hands, and legs of the rider.

Colts at first are taught to *bear* a bit, and by degrees to *pull* at it. If they did not press it, they could not be guided by it. By degrees they find their neck stronger than the arms of a man; and that they are capable of making great opposition, and often of foiling their riders. Then is the time to make them supple and pliant in every part. The part which of all others requires most this pliancy is the neck. Hence the metaphor of *stiff-necked* for *disobedient*. A horse cannot move his head but with the muscles of his neck: this may be called his *helm;* it guides his course, changes and directs his motion.

The use of this pliancy in the different parts and limbs of a horse is not necessary to be shown in this essay, which is directed solely to the *inexperienced* horseman. It may, therefore, suffice to add, that *his* idea of suppleness need only be, that of an ability and readiness in a horse to move every limb, on a sign given him by the hands or legs of his rider; as also, to bend his body, and move in a short compass, quick and collected within himself, so as instantly to be able to perform any other motion.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## ON STORY-TELLING.

MUCH has been written to explain and to teach the art of story-

telling; but no science is more difficult to attain, nor can it be taught by any settled rules. If the teller can but contrive to keep the attention of his audience awake to the end of his tale, he has certainly gained a great point, let the method he has taken be what it will; and if he can add to their attention some emotions of pleasure, or of surprise, he may justly be deemed a good story-teller. Seneca, who certainly may be cited as eminent in this art, will afford a beautiful example of this species of triumph over the expectations of his hearers. He tells us of the son of an eminent and opulent Roman knight, to whom the wretched emperor Caligula took such an aversion, merely from envy to the superior graces of his person and dress, that he ordered him to be led to execution. Not contented with this, he had the wanton cruelty to insist on the father's presence at an entertainment, while he knew his son was suffering death. He did more; he drank to him in full bowls, having first placed a spy, who might watch and report every change of his countenance. The wretched parent commanded his features, and formed them to express content, and even hilarity: nay, he entered into the spirit of the feast, wore the convivial chaplet, and, though old and infirm, he vied with the most robust of the guests in every joyous excess. "You ask me," here observes Seneca, "how and wherefore he acted this strange part? I answer, "*Habebat alterum;*" "*He had another son.*"

Here, by a single, and a very short sentence, the passions of the hearers, which must have been highly excited against the parent, for his mean and odious dissimulation, are now as strongly roused in his favour, whose care for the safety of the surviving son (the life of whom would have been forfeited by the least cloud on the father's countenance) had forced him to stifle every feeling of nature, and to wear the mask of joy, while his heart was agonized with every throb of parental wretchedness.

A single ill-chosen word is sometimes fatal to the effect of a really pathetic tale. Dr. Cook, in his Travels through Russia, a valuable and entertaining work, affords more than one instance of this error, which, however, in one who had resided a long term of years out of his native country, is very pardonable. He describes the cruelties exercised by the Russian troops at the storming Ocksakow, in 1737, and interests his reader strenuously in favour of a gallant Scots lieutenant, a Mr. Innes, who flew from place to place, to check the barbarity of the private soldiers, and, at the extreme hazard of his life, put to death a grenadier, who, "in a *ridiculous* manner, was *basely* diverting himself with the agonies of a poor little innocent, whom he had just pierced with his bayonet."

Sometimes, the distress of the tale will unfortunately chance to be of a species so awkward and ridiculous, that where the audience ought, by the laws of narration, to be most bitterly affected, the smile will unkindly supersede the tear. A refugee officer, who lived to a great age at Bristol, under the title of captain Calamité, took great delight in recounting to his younger neighbours, the misfortunes of his early years. His favourite tale was that of his captivity at Algiers. His stature, it must be observed, was most singularly diminutive, and his strength of body small in proportion. To such a one, "Gracili tam, atque pusillo," no severe tasks of labour could be assigned, even by the most barbarous task-master. What were then the cruelties he had to relate? "I was treated," he used to say to the writer's friend, "like a brute animal. They could not make me tug at the oar; they could not make me drag heavy stones; they made me, then—they made me sit, day after day, and night after night, in one cruel constrained posture—*to hatch young turkeys!*"

Solomon's apophthegm, "That there is nothing new under the sun," may be applied with singular propriety to tales. They descend from one another with gradual regularity; and the same adventures, with a little change as to manners, become the amusement of successive ages. A late French collector of ancient stories, has taken the pains to trace many of them down to the present time, through half a score different titles, and twice as many books. The following apologue, which composes a chapter of the Edda, a mythological work of great antiquity, has given many a hint to the composers of fairy tales, &c. &c.

Thor and Loke (the Alcides, and the Mercury of the Celts) set out with a comrade named Thialse, in search of adventures. They found in a desert a rock, hollowed into vast caverns, as they supposed, which, however, they afterwards were convinced was only the glove which a giant had dropped; after several such strange events, they entered a city, whose gates and edifices proved that it was inhabited by a race, immensely gigantic. The king of the place proposed, according to the custom of those days, that each of the three strangers should give a specimen of his skill in some art, or exercise. Loke chose to exert his powers in eating, but he was foiled by an adversary, who not only consumed the *meat* which was provided for the contest, but also every *bone*. Thor who affirmed his abilities as a drinker to be invincible, found himself unable to empty a horn of liquor which was provided for him; and Thialse, an attendant on Thor, though celebrated for swiftness, was easily vanquished by a puny antagonist. Thor met with two more uncommon humiliations: he was unable to lift from the floor the king's favourite cat, and was brought, in a wrestling match with a toothless old woman, to bend one knee to the ground. These repeated foils to divinities of such vast power, must have been utterly unaccountable without the help of magic; and magic, among the Celts, was allowed to rival the power of the deities. In consequence, the king of the giants, after having amused himself by ridiculing the travellers unmercifully, treated them with a hospitable meal, and having, under pretence of doing them honour, accompanied them out of his city gates, "Now," said he, "it is time to clear up all these mysteries. As to you, Loke, you are not to wonder that you were out-eaten by your antagonist. It was *fire* which rivalled you in gluttony, therefore, the *bones* were as easy for him to destroy, as the *flesh*. You, Thialse, could not be supposed capable of outstripping *thought*, for it was *thought* that you had to contend with. You, Thor, were ignorant that the horn, at which you pulled so lustily, was supplied by the *sea*, which actually was much diminished by your astonishing draught. In your second contest what your fascinated eyes took for my cat was the *world*, which, by your vast strength, you actually succeeded in moving. As to the apparently decrepit old woman, with whom you wrestled to some disadvantage, it was no other than *death*, who never before met with a being which could resist her powers." After this denouement the sorcerer prudently thought proper to vanish, together with his suite, his city, subjects, and all, being justly apprehensive that Thor, who was not fond of being played upon, and who was celebrated for his aversion to the giant-tribe, might, by the help of his club, render the catastrophe too serious.

O.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## STATISTICAL PARTICULARS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

THE single letters put into the various British post-offices are calculated this year, by Mr. Pitt, at more than *fifty-five millions*. This

number is nearly quadruple the whole population of the British islands; but when we consider the vast proportion of people, even of those who are grown up, who cannot write, when we add to this number, those who have no occasion to write, and those who correspond by private or privileged conveyances, we shall be astonished at so immense a correspondence. It evinces, more forcibly than any other circumstance, the extent to which trade and the friendly intercourse are carried on by that nation.

The horses employed in husbandry are computed, by the same hand, considerably to exceed a million: which, among seventy-five millions of acres, is at the rate of one horse to seventy-five acres.

He computes, likewise, that, on an average, near a bushel of salt is consumed, in every shape, by each family, and consequently that twelve hundred thousand bushels are consumed in all.

The sum annually transmitted in the form of legacies, in money, to relations, is computed at twenty millions sterling.

The legacies left to strangers in blood amount to three hundred thousand pounds.

The public contributions, this year, amount to near forty-five millions, which is in the proportion of three pounds (£ 13 13) to every individual in the nation. Four-ninths of this, or twenty millions, is collected as a loan, for which the nation pays an interest, including charges, of more than a million and a half.

These particulars throw more light on the real condition of a nation, than the vague representations of a hundred travellers.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## OF THE CULTURE OF THE SUGAR MAPLE.

IMMENSE sums of money are sent to the West Indies for sugar. From experience, it has been found to be a wholesome and nutritious article of diet. A species of the American maple contains genuine sugar, and, if properly prepared, would, in every respect, equal, in all its qualities, the sugar obtained from the cane in the West Indies. For sugar, like water, is of one original species only. Its variety depends upon its being more or less mixed with other matters, all of which may be separated by easy processes. The maple not only affords an excellent sugar, but a pleasant molasses, and agreeable beer, a strong sound wine, and an excellent vinegar.

The following receipts for making each of them, have been obtained, with some difficulty, from persons who have succeeded in the manufactory of them, and are earnestly recommended to those citizens of the United States, who live in the neighbourhood of maple trees.

### *To make maple sugar.*

Make an incision in a number of maple trees, at the same time, in the months of February and March, and receive the juice of them in earthen or wooden vessels. Strain the juice, after it is drawn from its sediment, and boil it in a wide mouthed kettle. Place the kettle directly over the fire, in such a manner that the flame shall not play upon its sides. Skim the liquor, while boiling. When reduced to a thick syrup, and cooled, strain it again, and let it settle for two or three days, at which time it will be prepared for granulating. This operation is performed by filling the kettle half full of the syrup, and boiling it a second time. To prevent it rising too suddenly and boiling over, add to it a piece of fresh butter or fat, of the size of a walnut. You may easily determine when it is sufficiently boiled to granulate, by cooling a little of it. It must then be put into bags or baskets, through which the water will drain, so as to leave it in a solid form. This sugar, if refined by the usual process,

may be made into as good single or double refined loaves, as ever were made of the sugar obtained from the juice of the West India cane.

*To make maple molasses.*

This may be made in three ways. 1st. From the thick syrup, obtained by boiling, after it is strained for granulation. 2dly. From the draining of the sugar. Or, 3dly. From the last runnings of the tree (which which will not granulate), reduced by evaporation to the consistence of molasses.

*Maple beer.*

To every 4 gallons of water (while boiling) add a quart of maple molasses. When the liquor is cooled to blood heat, put in as much yeast as is necessary to foment it. Malt or bran may be added to this beer, when agreeable; if a table spoonful of the essence of spruce is added to the above quantities of water and molasses, it makes a most delicious and wholesome drink.

*Maple wine.*

Boil four, five, or six gallons of sap (according to its strength) to one, and add yeast in proportion to the quantity you make. After it is fermented, set it aside in a cool place well stopped. If kept for two or three years, it will become a pleasant sound wine, in every respect equal to the second class of wines, imported from foreign countries. This wine may be rendered fragrant, by the addition of a little sliced magnolia root, or any other aromatic substance.

*Maple vinegar.*

Expose the sap of the maple to the open air, in the sun, and in a short time it will become vinegar.

By these receipts, large quantities of each of the above articles have been made in the frontier counties of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. A German farmer in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, where the maple trees grow as plentifully as oaks and pines in many other places, made three hundred pounds of sugar in one year, which he sold to his neighbours, and to travellers, for nine pence per pound. From the value of these trees, and the many uses to which their sap has been applied, the new settlers have learned to preserve them with as much care, as if they were apple, or other fruit trees. From the facility with which they may be cultivated, and the profit which can be had from them, it is plain, that a farmer in an old country could raise nothing on his farm with less labour, and nothing from which he could derive more emolument, than the sugar maple tree.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

*Extracted from a letter.*

INSTEAD of a comment upon the state of the weather, which, by the bye, is delightful, the ordinary mode of salutation is, "have you seen the young Roscius?" If the respondent unwittingly answers in the affirmative, he is overwhelmed by criticism or disgusted with flattery: of the latter you will accuse me, in making the following observations, notwithstanding they are the result of an unprejudiced mind. I refer you then to the tragedy of Tancred and Sigismunda, in which he performed at Covent Garden, for his own benefit, and is said to have cleared a thousand guineas on the occasion. At the moment the little hero appeared, and the first sentence he uttered, I was not only charmed but astonished: in pourtraying the passions of filial affection, love, hatred, and revenge, the youthful veteran progressively developed new beauties; every word

and every gesture thrilled on the heart; the beauty of his countenance and the musical harmony of his voice contributed powerfully to rivet my attention; his pathetic gratitude to Siffredi for the parental care of his infant years; his impassioned love for Sigismunda, the daughter of Siffredi, and the companion of his childhood; the touching sensibility with which he received her tender reproaches for imagined neglect, and the agonizing conflict of his mind when he discovers she is the wife of Osmond, were such exquisite displays of genius that will never be effaced from my recollection. But, perhaps, the most vivid tint in this admirable production was the rencounter between him and Osmond, in the bedchamber of Sigismunda, in which the latter falls, and, with his nerveless, dying hand, plunges a dagger into the heart of his wife; the convulsive agony and the frantic laugh of Tancred upon this occasion, appeared to me so consummately great, as to border on perfection, and almost eclipse the matured talents of Kemble and Cooke. Boy-like, he discovered, in one or two instances, a little vanity towards his external decorations, particularly in adjusting his sword, of which no less than three of different kinds, and at separate intervals, adorned his person; but this is a fault that will soon correct itself; it is scarce worth a comment.

A few days ago, I was in company with a person who had dined with this extraordinary boy, his parents, and a large party, the preceding day. Never was I more astonished, said he (for he had never seen him on the stage), than at beholding the representative of Norval and of Achmet, not merely a beardless boy of 13, divested of the least sophistry, but in every respect like youth of his own age, in whom nature is suffered to assert her empire. After the dessert, neither the urgent request of those about him, nor the still more earnest entreaty of his father and mother, could direct his attention from play: This is the only happy day I have had in London, observed the boy, and you will not suffer me to enjoy it. On being asked what made him consider that day the happiest of his residence in town, he said, because he loved the society of those about his own age, from which he had been hitherto precluded; and as there were several young gentlemen of that description present, he expected they might enjoy themselves together: the reply was thought conclusive, and he and his comrades had liberty to retire to another apartment, where, my informant says, all the airs, the gambols, and the innocent frolicks of a boarding school were freely indulged in.

After about two hours' absence, the company were surprised to see the young Roscius return, his face blacked, and voluntarily recite the famous speech of Hassan in the Castle Spectre. To you that have seen and heard him, continued my informant, it will be unecessary to say, that wonder and delight absorbed my every faculty; nor was the interesting youth satisfied with giving us this small specimen of his matchless talents, for, unsolicited, he repeated to us the address to the public spoken on the night of his benefit at Covent Garden, with a classical truth and energy, that can never be surpassed.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### ON THE VALUE OF MONEY.

DURING the eighteenth century, the value of money was depressed in the following ratio:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| In 1700 | 238 | In 1760 | 342 |
| 1710 | 247 | 1770 | 384 |
| 1720 | 257 | 1780 | 427 |
| 1730 | 272 | 1790 | 496 |
| 1740 | 287 | 1800 | 562 |
| 1741 | 314 | | |

Two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, shillings, or pence, there-

fore, in 1700, were equal to five hundred and sixty-two pounds, shillings, or pence in 1800; that is, would have purchased the same quantity of produce; and all the different sums were, at the year to which they were appropriated, equal to each other, or would have exchanged, at the particular period to which they belong, for the same value. These proportions being given, any persons acquainted with the rule of three, without the aid of decimal fractions, may make whatever calculations he may deem necessary to elucidate the subject.

By the application of the proportions of this table, to the progressive increase of the revenue, it will be seen, that through the greater part of the preceding century it diminished in value nearly in the same ratio in which it increased in magnitude.

The revenue of queen Anne, at the union, 1707, was five millions, six hundred and ninety thousand pounds; which, by taking the standard of money in that year at two hundred and forty-five, and the standard in 1800 at five hundred and sixty-two, will equal thirteen millions and fifty thousand pounds money of 1800. The revenue of the different reigns, estimated by this rule, viz. as 245 is to 562, so is 5,690,000*l.* to 13,050,000*l.*, will stand thus:

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Queen Anne | 1707 | *245 | †562 | ‡5,690,000 | ‖13,050,000 |
| George I | 1727 | 267 | 562 | 5,760,000 | 14,228,000 |
| George II | 1760 | 342 | 562 | 8,520,000 | 14,000,000 |
| George III | 1770 | 384 | 562 | 9,500,000 | 14,900,000 |
| ——— | 1780 | 427 | 562 | 12,200,000 | 16,000,000 |
| ——— | 1790 | 496 | 562 | 13,500,000 | 17,500,000 |

By this calculation, it apears that the depreciation of money from 1707 to 1770, for the most part, kept pace with the increase of the revenue, and, in some instances, advanced with greater rapidity. That the revenue of queen Anne, though nominally *four*, was in reality only *one* million less than the revenue of his present majesty, in 1770; that the revenue of George II, at the commencement of his reign, in 1727, was superior to his revenue of 1760, though nominally two millions less, and superior to the revenue of his present majesty in 1770, though nominally three millions less; and that the revenue of 1760 was greater than the revenue of 1770, though nominally one million less. It is evident, therefore, that the public burthen pressed with nearly an equal weight upon the people through the greater part of the preceding century, and that the nation was more severely taxed in 1727 than in 1760 or 1770, though the pressure was supposed to be considerably greater in the latter periods. The total expenditure of queen Anne's reign was one hundred and twenty-two millions, which, by taking the medium standard of money in her reign at two hundred and seventy-seven millions of 1800, and as her annual average expenditure was ten millions, equal to twenty millions of 1800, it equalled the annual average expenditure of the present reign.

But the following calculation, will give a general view in round numbers, of the comparative value of the revenue during the eighteenth century.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1700 | 238 | 562 | 4,000,000 | 9,400,000 |
| 1710 | 247 | 562 | 5,500,000 | 12,500,000 |

* This column shows the standard of money at the year to which the proportions are appropriated.

† The value of money at the standard of 1800.

‡ The revenue at the year to which it is appropriated.

‖ The value of that revenue in the money of 1800.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1720 | 257 | 562 | 6,000,000 | 13,100,000 |
| 1730 | 272 | 562 | 6,300,000 | 13,400,000 |
| 1740 | 287 | 562 | 7,000,000 | 13,700,000 |
| 1750 | 314 | 562 | 7,500,000 | 13,400,000 |
| 1760 | 342 | 562 | 8,000,000 | 13,900,000 |
| 1770 | 384 | 562 | 9,000,000 | 13,900,000 |
| 1780 | 427 | 562 | 12,000,000 | 15,700,000 |
| 1790 | 496 | 562 | 15,500,000 | 17,500,000 |
| 1800 | 560 | 562 | 30,000,000 | 30,000,000 |

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### CONDITION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FROM a speech, delivered June 7, 1805, by the governor of Massachusetts to its legislative bodies, are extracted the following particulars in the present condition of that state, which, though few, are of some value and importance.

In civil causes the sheriff or constable is supposed to be authorized by writs of attachment or execution, to take the goods of the debtor without any exception. The humanity of creditors has, for the most part, prevented an undue use of this authority, in collecting their demands from their indigent debtors: but instances have frequently occurred, in which officers, with unfeeling severity, have taken the most necessary articles of apparel and furniture, and exposed the debtor and his family to immediate suffering.

Commissioners have on several occasions been appointed at the request of the legislature, and with the consent of the parties interested, for the purpose of quieting settlers on lands in the eastern parts of the state; in most of the cases to which their commissions referred, they have been able to effect an amicable agreement; but divers disputes of this kind still remain unsettled.

Petitions have for several years been presented, at almost every session of the legislature, for the incorporation of banks. If such applications are repeated, it will be a question of importance, whether an addition to the present number would be a public benefit. Many of the bills of other state banks, with whose circumstances and management we are wholly unacquainted, circulate here, and the capital stock of the branch bank is seven hundred thousand dollars. We have besides in this state, twenty-one banks, which are allowed by law to issue thirteen millions of dollars; by their last returns it appears, that the whole of the debts due to them did not amount to eight millions. If the existing banks are authorised to loan a greater sum than the circulation can employ, the aggregate profits of banking would not be increased; nor would any additional assistance be given to trade, should a number of other banks be instituted; they might indeed emit an additional quantity of paper; but the surplus would soon be returned to the several banks, and exchanged for gold and silver to be exported. New banks would not increase the quantity of specie, they would only cause a subdivision of it; and if they should be induced, from the desire of gain, or a disposition to afford extraordinary accommodations, to discount too liberally, the banks themselves would be endangered, and the directors might be compelled to diminish their discounts so as to occasion very serious and extensive commercial embarrassments.

It has been said, heretofore, that the bank dividends were higher than the legal rate of interest, and, therefore, unless petitioners were indulged with new incorporations, the law which forbids usury should be repealed. A measure of this kind might be more injurious than any proposed addition to the number of banks. If money was borrowed only on a calculation of profit from commercial enterprises, the

borrower might be safely trusted to make his bargain with the lender: but a great part of the loans in the country are to persons embarrassed from misfortune or indiscretion; by a repeal of the law against usury, they would be left to the mercy of their creditors, and avarice would prey without controul upon ignorance and distress.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## A SKETCH OF THE NEW BATAVIAN CONSTITUTION.

NO ecclesiastics, of any persuasion, shall be eligible to offices of political government: the military have a right to vote at the place of their established residence, and not where they may lie in garrison.

The title of the legislative body, is their high mightinesses, representing the Batavian commonwealth, the members of which adopt the title of high and mighty lords. The sovereignty of the Batavian people is represented by that assembly, with the pensionary. To it belongs the enactment of laws. It consists of nineteen members, elected every three years, and nominated by the departmental governments, viz. seven for Holland, one for Zealand, one for Utrecht, and two for the remaining provinces; their qualifications, to be voters, of the age of thirty, born within the eight departments or colonies of the state, and before their appointment having resided six years in the department to which they are elected.

The departmental government nominates four persons, and transmits such nomination to the pensionary, who reduces the number to two, from which the former elects. The pensionary opens the assembly of their high mightinesses, when they proceed to the election of a president from their body; the assembly is assisted by a recorder, elected from a nomination made by them of two persons, not of their body, to be transmitted to the pensionary. All decrees of said assembly are signed by the president, and counter-signed by the recorder. The members of that assembly vote, without being charged by, or consulting with the departmental governments, to whom also they are not responsible for their conduct in the assembly of their high mightinesses.

The members of the departmental government, secretaries of state, members of the council of finances, and of the courts of justice, do not sit in assembly till they have regained the posts which they filled on their nomination. The assembly debates on subjects submitted to it by the pensionary; they consent to or negative them, without making any change or modification; and the law proposed passing in the affirmative, intimation of it is immediately given to the pensionary, he being charged with the promulgation and execution. If it be negatived by the assembly, it also gives the pensionary notice of the rejection, and of the reasons for such rejection, when he may propose it once more, adducing new motives, or making some alteration in it.

It is to that assembly exclusively confided, to deliberate on the general estimates of the public necessities, and all augmentations thereof, to be laid before it by the pensionary. At his instance it grants, after having received information from the national court of justice, pardon, abolition, or remission of punishment, inflicted by judicial sentences; and, not being assembled, he is qualified to suspend the execution of a sentence, but obliged to communicate the matter to the assembly on its succeeding session. To that assembly belongs the right of ratifying treaties of peace, alliance, and commerce; but the secret articles attached to such treaty are not comprehended in that ratification, which articles, however, must not be repugnant to the public ones, and not tend to the cession of any territory of the Batavian commonwealth;

nor can any declaration of war take place before a previous decree of their high mightinesses, passed on the proposition of the pensionary.

The assembly meet twice a year, from April 15th to the 1st of June, and from the 1st of December to the 15th of January; but it may be summoned to meet extraordinarily, as often as the pensionary pleases. One third of the members go out on the 1st of December, and the day of their withdrawing is fixed to the day of first assembling; which withdrawing, for the first time, occurs in December 1, 1806. For indemnity, travelling expences, and residence, the members to enjoy annually 3000 guilders. The members whose time have expired, are again eligible; and on the termination of each session, the assembly is closed by the pensionary.

The pensionary represents their high mightinesses in all that concerns the government, and exercises the executive power in *their name*. He is elected for five years, by the majority of the nineteen members of the assembly, and may at all times be re-elected. The commencement, however, of the first five years is to take place from the period of the peace with England, computing from the 1st of January of such year. He may resign at pleasure; when, in such or other like cases, he is to be succeeded, *ad interim*, by the president of the assembly of their high mightinesses, whose duty it is to summon the members immediately, for the appointment of a successor.

The pensionary exercises, in no case, legislative power; and is excluded from interfering with matters which are confided to the tribunals instituted by law; nor is he to dispose of the pecuniary means of the state, otherwise than in conformity to law. He appoints a council of state, of no less than five and no more than nine members, who must possess the same qualifications as the members composing the assembly of their high mightinesses, and whom he is obliged to consult previous to laying a proposed law before their high mightinesses; he may personally support such law in the assembly, or cause it to be done by members of the council of state in his name. He appoints a general secretary, and five secretaries of state for the department of foreign affairs, of the marine, of war, of home affairs, and of the finances, the latter having under him three counsellors, to assist him. He also appoints the agents to foreign courts, all officers of the army and navy, all functionaries of the state, and all the members of the tribunals appertaining to matters of general government, excepting those of the national court. The fleets and armies of the Batavian commonwealth are at his disposal; he confers military rank; the security and dignity of the state is maintained by him; the uninterrupted administration of justice, the maintenance and execution of the laws; he is charged with the supreme police throughout the whole republic, as well in civil as in ecclesiastical matters; and appoints the magistrates of the place which is the seat of government.

The pensionary has the chief direction of the national treasury; he fixes the salaries of the public functionaries, and grants pensions according to the provisos made by the law. He delivers annually a general estimate of the wants of the state to the assembly, who approve or reject, but may not alter it. This estimate includes a sum for defraying his personal expences, and for secret service, nothing else being required of him at the end of the year, than a declaration, in his hand-writing, that the said sum has been expended exclusively for the interest of the state, without having served to enrich himself or his family. The financial means continue as at present in each department; but it is recommended to the pensionary, as one of his first cares, to devise every possible means of augmenting the public revenues, to simplify every branch of administration,

and to introduce every where the most rigid economy; to present new projects of laws, whether for the improvement of the present mode of taxation, or for the institution of a general system of finance, instead of the present departmental plan of taxation.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE REFLECTOR.

### NO. I.

"Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
"She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all."

POPE.

WHEN a writer commences a series of periodical essays, the reader generally asks, why he attempts to travel in a path where so many have failed to distinguish themselves, and where the very nature of the case will most probably prevent him from obtaining even a moderate portion of credit? It is alleged, that the superior excellence of the productions of some of his predecessors obstructs the way to the temple of Fame, or the satisfaction arising from having performed a useful action.

Reader, I know not whether I am bound to inform you what are the motives which actuate me; but admitting I am, I can scarcely tell if it is in my power to gratify you: the motives from which many of the actions of mankind originate are vague and indefinable; they float in the brain without order or connection; their impression is sensibly felt; and, though their exact nature cannot readily be defined, yet their existence is not the less real.

He who has ever been attacked with an itch for scribbling, and is accustomed to reflect on the various subjects which this world and its inhabitants continually present to his view, will believe me when I say, I am scarcely conscious of any clearly definable motive which gave birth to this undertaking: because I feel an inclination to write periodical essays is scarcely a satisfactory answer, and yet I know not that I can at present give one more so. It is true, I am beginning to travel in a path where the services of some have gained them a wreath whose verdure will endure for ever, and where others have laboured without success, and without reward, unless that neglect which will cover them and their works with the mantle of oblivion merits the name. To say I expect to gain the former would expose me to well-merited contempt, but neither candour, modesty, nor common sense impels me to declare I expect the latter. The knowledge of what are really my expectations must remain concealed in the bosom which gave them birth; and sheltered as I am by the rampart of a fictitious name, should my pieces excite laughter, or deserve reprehension, I can laugh as loud as others, and be as severe in my censures; and though I should do both with a heart full of disappointment and mortification, yet as its emotions will be known but to myself, they will neither be so violent nor so durable.

Yet let no one suppose I am insensible to what a popular writer has denominated "the sacred thirst of fame." This emotion, I believe, exists in and stimulates in some degree the exertions of every being alive to the finest sensations of the bosom; and why should I deny that I too feel the influence of that noble principle? that a desire of doing something more in this world than merely satisfying the wants of nature, has always been a predominant sensation in my breast? But those who would thence infer, that fame is the present and immediate object of pursuit in this instance, are egregiously mistaken. I know mankind too well to suppose they would afford me the tribute of applause, for so small a price as a few essays, which many others might

probably write much better than myself. Yet admitting I never obtain, as probably I shall never merit, fame, still may my productions prove serviceable to mankind in some degree. It is true, Addison and Steele, Johnson, Hawkesworth, and others, may have already written on subjects which I may hereafter select, in a manner incomparably better than any thing I can produce, yet many may read my essays who never have, and possibly never will read theirs, and should any one be thereby instructed or amended, my writing will not be altogether useless. The slightest hints and the most trifling occurrences have frequently proved the ground-work on which noble superstructures have been erected; the fall of an apple suggested to the immortal Newton the first ideas of that profound knowledge of the operations of nature, which astonished while it instructed mankind, and gained him a reputation which is likely to prove as durable as the sublime objects of his contemplations.

He whose want of talents or condition in life prevent him from becoming eminently useful to mankind, must be contented with that small portion of praise which is due to him who attempts to do good, and is determined to do no evil. This portion I expect, and intend to deserve. This much depends on myself only, the rest I leave to chance; let it decide as it may, I will be content. Fame may be purchased at too dear a rate, and at last not be of a genuine kind. Caligula wished his reign might become famous, were it only for the calamities mankind might suffer during its continuance. He gained his point: but while one spark of genuine virtue inhabits the bosoms of men, their hatred and their pity will attend his infamous remembrance.

One object, at least, may be accomplished by my writing—the improvement of myself, without the injury of others. My subjects will be various: I shall, however, confine myself to such as may amuse, and possibly instruct; excite inquiry without awakening anger, occupy the attention without debasing the mind, and though they may not prove positively profitable, they shall at least be negatively so, by occupying the reader with something which may prevent him from resorting to less useful and less innocent employment.

As for a name by which my productions may be distinguished, it is of small importance. If it was, I should be much at a loss to find one, both original and appropriate. Every traveller in the same path has chosen one; this has partly exhausted the supply. To adopt the honoured name of one of my distinguished predecessors presents a ready method to lessen the difficulty; but if I chose one from among these, would I not be accused of attempting to bring my essays into notice, by other means than the merit they may possibly possess? As this may be the case, I will chuse an original one, "The Reflector."—Much cannot be said in its favour, yet to me it appears sufficiently appropriate for my purpose; "The Rambler" of Johnson was at least not more so: should it not appear so to my readers, they will be more inclined to pardon an error of this kind than any other. Under this impression I conclude what may be called my introduction; henceforth I mean to cultivate their acquaintance once a month, and from what they already know of me, they may conclude whether they will read my essays, or throw them aside for waste paper.

VALVERDI.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### DUTCH INDUSTRY.

WE have often been told of the patience and perseverance of the Dutch school of artists, and some of their exquisitely high-finished pic-

tures afford indisputable proofs of it; but there was never perhaps a stronger example than in a work lately imported from Holland into England. It is a very large model of that stupendous piece of architecture, St. Peter's at Rome, in the completion of which the accurate and ingenious Woodman (who died about twelve years ago) passed more than twenty years of his life. This is certainly a long time to be engaged in one work; but, when it is inspected, the spectator will rather wonder, that it could be done at all, than that it should have taken so long a time. It is finished with the most exquisite neatness, and every part, even the most minute, in the exact proportion of the original. It is, in one respect, very peculiar; the inside is given with the same exact attention to the admeasurement, and as high-finished, as the outside. It may, when considered in all its points, be very fairly classed as the first production in this branch of art now in the world.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE VISITOR.

NO. V.

Nil mortalibus arduum est.
HOR.

WHEN we reflect on the extensive faculties bestowed on man, with what complacency must we view him! The deficiencies of his strength, compared with many other species of the creation, are counterbalanced by natural gifts of mind, which enable him to cope with all their fierceness, and set them at defiance. Art has taught him to be strong, though naturally weak; and, unable to sustain or move heavy burthens, she has furnished him with power to guide them at pleasure. How diminutive and insignificant does he appear when contrasted with the buildings he erects; and how incapable does he seem to guide at his will and pleasure the large vessels he has constructed! Yet these he moves to every corner of the globe, and with them explores the remotest regions. Countries heretofore wholly unknown and difficult of access, now inhabited by the barbarous savage, and now bleak and inhospitable, are successfully presented to his view, while wandering far from his country, friends, and kindred. Here he discovers, on every scene of danger, that intrepidity which prompted him when he dared to sail for months on a boundless ocean, wholly confined to a vessel, almost nothing when compared with the vast extent of water which surrounds it. Here, too, when the most violent storms arise; when the sea becomes greatly agitated; when it rises to the height of the highest mountains, and again sinks into a yawning gulph; and when the winds with fury assail his bark; with calmness and alacrity he takes every measure for its preservation, and saves it from destruction. With nothing but a plank between him and destruction, his genius has taught him to resist with success the "war of elements," and nothing appears calculated, while life and health remain, to destroy its powers but "the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

How august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man,
From different natures marvellously mix'd!
Connection exquisite of distant worlds,
Distinguished link in being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the Deity.
YOUNG.

Formed as man is for action, his imagination is vigorous and comprehensive, his plans and views vast and unbounded. Superior far to the rest of the creation, and "little lower than the angels," his ideas are often grand and sublime. And could we to these add a portion of that inno-

cence and virtue which once distinguished the inhabitants of Eden, how glorious the picture! Then all those luminous points, those engaging qualities, those transcendant excellencies, which the imagination at times conceives, but which the eye never sees, would be realized. But has he not most grievously misapplied his talents, and used them only for the promotion of his individual schemes, without allusion to the misery he may cause amongst his fellow creatures? Self is the predominant principle which actuates him, and to that each other consideration must be silenced. His industry and perseverance enable him to execute his favourite plans, however difficult, and in so doing he little scruples to break through many moral ties and obligations.

Audax omnia perpetis
Gens humana ruit per vetitum et nefas.

The genius and powers of the mind of man differ greatly in different persons. The majority are worthy of equal abilities, equally qualified to pursue their different inclinations, and (with sorrow must it be acknowledged) are more frequently than otherwise engaged in unworthy and selfish employments. The accumulation of weath destroys the virtuous qualities of many, and renders them cruel, hardened, and unjust. How often is man "man's deadliest foe," when actuated by a

Lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,
The last corruption of degenerate man!
JOHNSON'S IRENE.

Pleasure next engrosses the attention of this image of his maker; pleasure captivates his heart, and debilitates his body; pleasure destroys the powers of his mind, and eradicates all his upright principles; and at length to its pursuit he often falls a pitiable victim.

Such is man when lowered from his native state of dignity and virtue. He who, while pure and unsullied, is the noblest object for observation and contemplation, is now the most melancholy example of humiliation and depravity, the slave of passion, the victim of prejudice and error.

Yet, amidst all this corruption, in opposition to this gloomy picture, a being often is discovered superior to those grovelling ideas, those degrading frailties, and evil propensities, which govern the great bulk of mankind, whose time is employed in benefiting his brethren. Sometimes he is discovered in the philanthropist, benevolent and active, as Howard, and persevering and disinterested, as Benezet; sometimes in the moralist, pleasing, as Addison, and impressive, as Johnson; now in the divine, fervent and eloquent, as Blair; and again in the physician, destroying the power of disease, like Jenner. He is seen in the economist, like count Rumford, ameliorating the condition of the poor, and reforming them from vice and wretchedness, by teaching them industry, and furnishing them with employments. In former times, he was seen in the patriot, like Leonidas, sacrificing himself for the benefit of his country, and, in later days, in the virtuous, the heroic Washington, emancipating his countrymen, and giving them a government of all others calculated to make them happy. He is discovered also in the ingenious artist, whose valuable inventions and improvements have so advanced the arts and sciences. Through his exertions each is now brought to high cultivation, and are daily made more perfect. In times of sickness and of sorrow, when "pestilence ravages," and "when nature sickens, and each gale is death," he is conspicuous among those worthy beings, who, like Savery*, brave the terrors of contagion to relieve the

* The late William Savery, of the society of friends, who was a universal philanthropist, and an ornament to human nature, whether viewed in his private character, or as a minister of the gospel.

distressed and the poor, and to console the dying.

These are some of the situations in which man does honour to himself, and rightly employs his extraordinary talents. Here his good actions adorn his character, and shine with peculiar lustre. Here he is venerable and glorious, and by his example reforms the bad, or at least in some measure restrains them from evil, and excites the young to emulate his conduct, thereby laying the foundation for that virtue which will hereafter render them "capable of all that is sublime, great, and beautiful."

Though these worthy characters are numerous, even amongst us, they have but little influence in reforming the manners of the day. The love of money seems now to give way to the love of pleasure, and those who are most bent on acquiring money are most desirous to spend it. "Bankruptcies, corruptions, and frauds," are of course the order of the day, and the man who has been deficient thousands is seen to live in the same expensive manner as before his failure, though he has solemnly sworn that "all is delivered up to his creditors!" Should not such a person be detested for his perjury, and shunned for his want of principle? Yet such is the present state of things that he is admitted into society as formerly, and his conduct is only remarked as surprising, when it should be decried as villanous. It indeed seems as though the time long since prophesied as *hastening on* was arrived, *when vice and virtue should meet on equal terms;* and though the latter imperiously demands respect, the former does not meet with its deserved ignominy.

F.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## TRANSLATIONS.

MR. THOMAS COCKMAN, who translated a favourite work of Cicero, would surely have done better, had he rendered the word *officia*, *duties*, rather than *offices*, as he *has* done. He proceeds to illustrate one of Tully's maxims, by the familiar and modern idea of clapping a pistol, or the like, to such a man's breast. Yet in spite of this anachronic vulgarism, and a general meanness of style, the work has seen several editions, and Tully's Offices have now become the established phrase.

Every translator of Marmontel's *Contes Moraux* has called them *Moral Tales*, which surely was never the author's meaning. *Moraux* is *there* derived from *mœurs*, and signifies *fashionable*, rather than *moral*. Miss Edgeworth's title of *Popular Tales* seems nearly to answer to Marmontel's.

A late writer has rendered *Les Veillees du Chateau*, *Tales of the Castle*. Should he not rather have said, *rural evening's amusements?*

Scarron's *Roman Comique* has been as ill rendered into English, as far, at least, as the title. Instead of *comic*, it should have been translated *dramatic* romance, which is the idea that the author meant to convey.

Cæsar's *Commentaries* is a phrase of the same original with Tully's Offices. The English words *office* and *commentary* do not correspond, except in sound, with the Latin *officium* and *commentarium*, as used by Cicero and Cæsar.

To collect instances of mis-translations, from popular works, might do more than merely amuse a literary trifler.

What whimsical transformations do names undergo, when they pass from one language to another without any change in their orthography! A Spaniard, who had no clue but the sound, would not have the faintest conception who was meant by the English when they talk of *Don Quixote*. I have often been amused by the manner in which the American vulgar have been accustomed to pronounce the names of the successive ambassadors from

Spain to the United States. In their mouths, the Spanish appellatives of these gentlemen, however sonorous or magnificent, have always dwindled into *Joe Dennis* and *Virago.*

The English sailors are famous for their ludicrous corruptions of the foreign names of ships and admirals. When the British were carrying on war against *Su Raja Dowla*, in India, their soldiers and sailors knew him by no other name than *sir Roger Dowlas;* and the *nabob of Bengal* appeared, to their apprehensions, under the guise of two brothers, whose names were *Bob* and *Ben Gaul.*

A Hindoo, of some distinction in his own country, was seized, a few years ago, with the spirit of adventure, and came to England to gratify a capricious curiosity. He had acquired, by the way, a very imperfect smattering of the language, yet chose in general to depend upon himself in his intercourse with others. Quartering himself at a hotel in London, he was requested, by the landlady, with great humility and diffidence, to acquaint her with his name. The enquiry puzzled him at first, knowing how strangely his proper name would seem to English ears. At length, recollecting the sounds by which he had been identified by the sailors on board the vessel that brought him, and supposing they would to her be more appropriate and intelligible than any other, he replied, very innocently, that his his name was *Cock-eyed Son of a B——h!*

N.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## VALENTINE GREATRAKS.

GREATRAKS was one of those who cured diseases by moving his hand to and fro over the place affected. He lived in Ireland in the seventeenth century, and acquired very great celebrity. He is now sunk nearly into oblivion, but he was then very famous, and his cures, which, in their manner, bore a close resemblance to those that are deemed miraculous, were the subject of innumerable pamphlets, in 1665 and 1666.

From certain original letters lately published, preserved in the British Museum, and written by an Irish clergyman, Mr. Phaire, near Enniscorthy, the following extracts have been made, for the amusement of some of your readers.

*February* 29, 1743-4.

Valentine Greatraks was born at Stoke Gabriel, in Devonshire, where he had an estate, which he sold, and then lived and died at his estate of Affane, within a mile of Cappoqueen, in the county of Waterford. He was the eldest son, and educated at Oxford. There is some account of him in A. Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* He was a lieutenant of horse in Ludlow's troop. He was a man of great parts, and strictly virtuous. He married the sister of sir William Godolphin, who was king Charles the second's ambassador at Madrid. He had but two children, both sons. The eldest, William, married colonel Wheeler's daughter, in the Queen's county, and died soon after. The second, Edmund (after sir Edmunbury Godfrey), married the daughter of a glassman in Bristol, and died soon after. There is one of the name, a distant relation, that now lives at Affane, where Mr. Greatraks one night dreamed thrice that he had virtue in his hands; and next morning seeing a man fall down as dead with the epilepsy, he stroked, and recovered him instantly. This was his first patient. He grew so famous, that his court was filled with diseased every morning, which he always spent in their favour. Wherever he went, a great throng attended him, most of whom he cured; but he would never touch any that looked venereal, saying, he took that to be a just judgment for their sins. All disorders were not obedient to his touch, but he failed in few. My father, who had the least implicit faith of any man, had a

violent fever, and Mr. Greatraks turned it away in two minutes. He had, at another time, a terrible ague, which, when the fit struck him, Mr. Greatraks cured in a minute or two, by holding him by the wrists; and he never had a fit after. Mr. Greatraks also cured a sister of mine of the king's evil, by stroking.

*March* 3, 1743-4.

Mr. Greatraks was of large stature, and surprising strength. He has very often taken a handful of hazle-nuts, and cracked most of them with one gripe of his hand, and has often divided a single hazle-nut by his thumb and fore-finger. He had the largest, heaviest, and softest hand, I believe, of any man in his time, to which I do attribute the natural reason of his great virtue in his hand above other men. Many years ago, I took the following note out of a book, entitled, "Enthusiasm Triumphant," per Dr. R., dean of C.: "I refer all his virtue to his particular temper and complexion, and I take his spirits to be a kind of elixir and universal ferment, and that he cures, as Dr. Mead expresses it, by a sanative contagion." I remember, sir Edmundbury Godfrey, in his letters, mentions some of those he stroked and cured in England, and that continued perfectly well. It is a pity those letters, to the number of 104, are not in somebody's hands that would oblige the world by publishing them: they contain many remarkable things, and the best and truest secret history of king Charles the second's reign.

*March* 10, 1743-4.

When Mr. Greatraks came to my father's, the court was crowded with patients, whom he attended all the forenoon. Many were perfectly cured, without any return of their disorder, and most received benefit; but in my time his virtue was much abated; but I have heard my two eldest sisters, who were women grown, and my eldest brother, and my father and mother, and many other honest people, that would speak nothing but truth, often say, that they have many times seen him stroke a violent pain from the shoulder to the elbow, and so to the wrist, and thence to the top of the thumb, and by holding it strongly for some time, it has evaporated. There are many wonderful relations of this kind, which, though assuredly true, have so much the air of romance, that I have no pleasure in relating them. Mr. Greatraks married to his second wife the widow Rotheram, near Camolin, in the county of Wexford, and died, I believe, in the year 1685.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## CIRCULATION OF NEWSPAPERS.

IT is stated, in a late number of the Moniteur, that of that official paper 3,000, of the Publiciste 2,900, of the Journal de Paris 2,800, of the Journal des Debats (which is most favourable to the ancient order of things) 6,000, of the Clef des Cabinets 11,000, of the Citoyen Francais 1,200, of the Journal des Defenseurs de la Patrie 1,000, of the Décade Philosophique 900, and of the English newspaper called the Argus 720 copies are sold.

England, with an inferior population, and without a language so current in other countries as the French, supports nearly 200 newspapers, with a circulation of from one to five thousand, besides innumerable monthly publications, of which similar numbers are sold.

In the United States, the number of newspapers can scarcely fall short of two hundred, though the population is only half of that of England. Indeed in no country in the world are newspapers more read than with us.

What inferences must be drawn from these facts as to the comparative state of the three nations? The circulation of newspapers has by some been deemed a test of the literature of the country. But if news-

papers are chiefly confined, as with us, to traders' notices, foreign and domestic politics, and remarkable events, and pay little or no regard to literary or scientific topics and enquiries, their currency is rather a proof of the low than of the high state of knowledge among us. They will clearly prove, that in no nation is the knowledge of the political state of transactions of our own and of foreign countries so widely diffused as among us.

C.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### RONSARD.

PETER DE RONSARD was descended from a noble family, and born September 11, 1524, the day on which the battle of Pavia was fought. Some writers, and among these the great Thuanus, consider France as enjoying a sufficient recompence for the misfortunes of that day, in the honour of producing so noble a genius. Bayle, who had not much reverence for poets, censures, with proper indignation, the folly of this sentiment. Notwithstanding the splendour of his birth, there is reason to suppose that he generally lived poor. The meanness of his residence, which is said to have been at the top of a high tower, afforded a subject to the wits of the age. He was a pensioner on the bounty of Charles IX, who feared that too great riches might relax his exertions, and cause a fatal loss to the literature of his country. Though not in orders, he held some small ecclesiastical benefices, which were the rewards of the ardour with which he lent his pen, and even his sword, to suppress protestantism, when it endeavoured to spread from Germany to France. He died in 1585, having exhausted a strong constitution by his debaucheries. His works are full of love verses, addressed to three different mistresses, who successively became the objects of his amorous regard. One of these, named "Helena de Sugeres," desired cardinal du Perron to write a preface to Ronsard's Poems, declaring, that the connection between her and the poet had been perfectly chaste; but the cardinal declined the task, observing, "that it would be sufficient to prefix her picture." His love verses are not addressed to his own mistresses only: many of the ladies of the French court were celebrated by the fruitful muse of Ronsard, whose aid was frequently solicited by lovers, doubting their powers of describing the beauties they admired. He composed odes in imitation of the writings of Pindar and Horace, sometimes proposing to himself the sublimity of the one, and sometimes the elegance of the other. His hymns, of which there is a great number, exhibit an extraordinary mixture of piety, profaneness, absurdity, and indecency. In one of these, he compares Christ and Hercules, and even goes the length of referring the adultery of Jupiter to the incarnation of the Son of God. The thought which is the foundation of his Hymn to the Four Seasons, would scarcely have been hazarded by the loosest modern writer. He was considered while he lived, and long after his death, as the prince of the French poets; and though truth and taste continually contributed to obscure the splendour of his reputation, yet, such was its original intensity, that his works hold a distinguished place in "a Collection of the finest Pieces of French Poetry," published in 1694. It is pleasing to be told, that Rabelais, who was his contemporary, thought meanly of his talents, and to find that a true genius will remain uninfected by the errors of an ignorant age. Bruyere remarks, that he rather injured, than improved, the French language; Marot, who was his predecessor, approaching much nearer than he did to modern purity and elegance. Concerning the works of Marot, Ronsard observed, with a ridiculous conceit of superiority,

that they were a dunghill, out of which, with great labour, he had picked a few grains of gold.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MILITARY OF THE FRENCH AND AUSTRIANS.

*From a German publication.*

THE revolution disorganized the French military; and the ancient officers who did not embrace the new principles either retired, emigrated, or were murdered. To them succeeded men raised from the ranks, or those who gave proofs of attachment to the new order. The army was composed of troops *of the line* without order, and of raw and unexperienced volunteers. They experienced defeats in the beginning, but the war in the mean time was forming both officers and soldiers. The system of terror concurred in forming the army, and leading it to victory.

The French generals early discovered the advantages of dispatch, adapted to a people impatient and greedy of novelties. The alertness of the soldiers, the lightness of their baggage, and their irregularity, enable the French to move with celerity.

In an open country their armies were formed in *columns*, instead of *lines*, which could not be preserved without difficulty. They reduced their battles to attacks on certain points. Brigade succeeded brigade, and fresh troops supplied the place of those who were driven back, which enabled them to force the post, and make the enemy retreat before them: keeping themselves compact, the cavalry could not break them. Turenne, Conde, and their pupils had carried on a war of movements; next came that of sieges. Frederick the great had introduced a system of tactics and manœuvres, which he had brought to perfection. The French, fully aware that they could not give battles in regular order, sought to reduce the war to contests for important posts, which has succeeded.

When war was carried into rugged or mountainous countries, the phalanx or close column was found impossible. To act in such situations with vigour, they formed sharpshooters, light-infantry, and *chasseurs*. More than once their sharpshooters have decided actions of importance. When checked and repulsed, they fall back on the column, which receives them, and in its turn attacks the enemy or sustains his shock.

The French artillery preserves nothing but the name of what it once was. Their officers are ignorant, inexpert, and inferior to all others. Their battalions have no field-pieces attached to them. The excellence of their flying-artillery amply compensates this: it is composed of the flower of the French soldiers, who expose themselves without measure. The best generals of the republic have attributed their success to its boldness and rapidity, as it supplies the place of that quantity of artillery which generally burdens armies.

It is a constant maxim to have a body of reserve in all the French armies, composed of their best troops, and commanded by an able general. If the two lines are beaten, for, on certain occasions, they form something that resembles two lines, the reserve covers their retreat. The precipitance with which the French retire, without order, would be fatal in its consequences if the reserve did not cover. At Marengo the reserve snatched the victory out of the hands of the enemy. It also supports those who pursue the enemy, and enables the light troops to secure a greater number of prisoners.

Many examples of success have originated from observations made by the soldiery. This is very conspicuous in the French, and their generals often make use of them.

Topography is much attended to by both officers and soldiers in the republican army. Whatever post

a detachment occupies, it is instantly reconnoitered attentively by them, instead of lying lazily on the earth; by which means they form their several plans of attack or defence. If attacked, they have the advantage of knowing the ground, and of being instructed before-hand in all that can be done.

If any grand operation be designed, every body is prepared; the orders are general, and point out the object which the general has in view; every officer, every soldier is as much interested in it as if the plan were his own. The generals in chief confide the execution of their operations to their subordinate officers. Battles are but a re-union of several engagements that take place by division or brigade. They make it a point to keep their troops in constant movement and enterprise, with the hope of meeting some favourable occurrence; they care little about the sufferings and loss of individuals. When threatened, or when they wish to engage, they concentrate all their forces on the principal point: they push this method even to temerity, in laying themselves bare in every other part.

The French, in 1799, when beaten at all points, began to be ridiculed; they have since become dreadful. Yet if we separate the successes acquired by armistices, capitulations, and treaties, which are never any thing more than perfidious truces, the successes obtained by their troops will be reduced to almost nothing. Their battles have often been disadvantageous to them, like that of Marengo; their negociations always favourable, like the armistice that followed it. The French are always more dangerous when they treat than when they fight. Their superior resources, and especially their prodigious sacrifices of men, ought to insure them the victory; they have nevertheless almost always lost it whenever they had to deal with the archduke Charles and Suwarrow. Cobourg and Clairfait, though inferior in numbers, have often rendered the balance even. Bonaparte saw his star turn pale before the archduke Charles. His good fortune, through an armistice, delivered him from the danger into which his rashness had drawn him. Superiority of numbers, revolutionary activity, cunning, and consummate hypocrisy have rendered the French triumphant; whilst the allies have been disunited, jealous of one another, and have alternately proved oppressors or oppressed.

The fortune of Bonaparte, and the faults of his antagonists, delivered Piedmont to him, and opened the road to Lombardy. Astonishment and terror went before him. The happy boldness with which he had passed the Po at Placenza, and the Adda at Lodi, paved the way to success, and screened the faults he commtited in going to Milan rather than to Mantua. The multitude are dazzled by great events, and ascribe to the authors of them what is but the work of fortune. Yet to refuse Bonaparte a certain share of abilities, would be as absurd as to give him the whole merit of what fortune has done for him.

In Germany, Moreau drew nearer to the ancient method. Instructed by Pichegru, one of the greatest captains in France, Moreau imitated his master in giving more order and regularity to his plans. The military character of Moreau is different from that of other French generals; it has less boldness and fire, but more method and science. His moral rule of conduct, and his political character have given a lustre to his military achievements.

The French generals, like rich and bold gamesters, are incessantly tempting fortune. They look upon their losses as nothing, provided they succeed in the end. The little value they set upon their men, the certainty of being able to replace them, the personal ambition of their chiefs, and the customary superiority of their numbers, afford them an advantage which cannot be counteracted but by great skill, conduct, and activity.

The appearance of an Austrian army presents a magnificent spectacle to military eyes. Marshal Lascy is the author of its military system, which enabled Austria to sustain, with vigour and perseverance, a tedious and bloody contest.

The Austrians possess that system of tactics which had hitherto been so much dreaded by the French, and which rests wholly upon discipline, science, and order. The properties of the French armies are different. The French soldiers require something to excite and keep up their warmth. Their attack is more violent: but they are not, like the Austrians, able to sustain a regular and open fire; they have not that moral and physical immobility, which, unmoved, can see whole ranks fall beneath the bullet, and whole files swept away by cannon. The courage of the French is less constitutional than artificial; emulation and vanity are its most powerful incentives; honour, example, and habit keep it up to its proper pitch.

The light troops of Austria became famous in the wars of 1740 and 1757; but Lascy converted them into regular battalions. They ceased to be excellent light troops without becoming regular ones. All this proceeded from his wish to have a uniform army, which he rendered too heavy by depriving it of light infantry.

The inferiority of the Austrian light-infantry is particularly manifested in mountain contests. The defeats of 1795 and 1796, in the mountains of Genoa; their ill success in the hereditary provinces in 1797; the losses they experienced in the Grison country, in 1799; the overthrow of the same army at Zurich, and their incredible disasters in the mountains of Nice, in 1800, evince the inferiority of the Austrians in this kind of service. The archduke himself made but inconsiderable and slow advances, and every step he took was at the expence of extraordinary bloodshed, whenever he fought among mountains. This might have turned out otherwise if he had had good light-infantry.

The Austrians, in fighting, preserve their rank and file, while the French rifle-men annoy them, and endeavour to produce confusion, till they are at length overwhelmed with fatigue, thrown into disorder, and either disperse, or lay down their arms. The instant the ranks are broken, the Austrians become like sheep dispersed, incapable of being re-united. They carry their fear of being out-flanked to a degree ridiculous and extravagant.

The Austrian artillery is excellent, but instead of being an accessary to the troops, the troops are obliged to guard and defend it, and render themselves subservient to its movements. Their care to guard their cannon, and the dangerous point of honour in preserving what ought to be considered only as the tools of war, have more than once caused the defeat of the Austrian infantry; this might have been avoided, had they either had no cannon, or consented to lose it.

The Austrian cavalry is proverbially good. The French always avoid coming in contact with it.

The Austrian *army* is as much superior to the French army, as the French *soldier* is, individually, to the Austrian soldier: give it an Achilles, and the Austrian army will be the lance of Achilles; such has it been under the archduke Charles.

The Austrians employ an enormous quantity of troops in what they call a chain of posts, and in guards of every kind, which are frequently useless. One part of their troops is at a distance from the battle, and the other is always beaten before the battle is begun; and sometimes this part constitutes half of their army. Never do all their troops, as might be done upon any other system, take part in the engagement; the reserve, if any, is so distributed, and at such a distance, that the different corps are beaten without having been able to keep themselves together. The method

to which the Austrians invariably attach themselves occasions this injurious distribution of their troops.

Their generals commit the grossest and most fatal blunders; the French too have been guilty of the most flagrant errors. A superiority, not of military science, but of intelligence, joined to their great activity, and their *bodies of reserve*, has uniformly rescued the French from the effects of temporary overthrow.

In the operations of the French, we discover no military science, except in the campaigns of Pichegru, and Moreau, who imitated him; all the others display only boldness, activity, sagacity, and finesse. All their knowledge consists in attacking the Austrians, on certain points, and, above all, in hanging upon their flanks, and in marching forward. The French have not been accustomed to use real stratagem, or at least, such as an upright general would avow.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## GERMAN CEMETERIES.

A REGARD for the dead, and the reverence paid to a spot hallowed by the rites of religion, has occasioned sepulture to take place immemorially in churches, and places adjacent to them. To be buried in an open field or highway, or even in a place disconnected from any house of worship, has been generally infamous or degrading.

It has likewise been much the custom to identify the spot of interment by stone and epitaph. I shall not pretend to discuss how far these modes are reconcileable to sound reason, how far they are dictated by a rational respect for the dead. But it is certainly a curious fact and worth noticing, that the Germans have begun to remove the burying-place a mile or two from every city or town, by which means they have abolished, or paved the way towards abolishing, all the epitaphs and inscriptions which generally abound in church-yards, and too often disgrace the memory they mean to celebrate; and have substituted for the offensive cemetery an agreeable kind of garden, more calculated to inspire calm devotion than sentiments of horror.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## BUNYAN'S LIBRARY.

MR. BAGFORD, a short time before he died, told the celebrated Thomas Hearne, that he once walked into the country on purpose to see the study of John Bunyan. When he came, John received him very civilly and courteously, but his study consisted only of a bible and a small parcel of books, which had been written by himself, all lying on a single shelf.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## JOHNSON.

THE celebrated Dictionary of the English Language, to which is prefixed the name of Dr. Johnson, did not originate with him. He has indeed the credit of it, but it is rather an ascribed credit, than a merited one. The hint came first from lord Chesterfield, who communicated it to Mr. R. Dodsley, the bookseller, and explained his idea of giving the different significations of words, by quotations from the best authors, arranged in the order of time. Dodsley approved of the hint, and mentioned it to Dr. Campbell, author of the Lives of the Admirals, &c. But Campbell could not be brought to taste of it, and therefore declined to undertake it. Dodsley afterwards mentioned it to Mr. Garrick by accident. Garrick liked the thought very much, and recommended his friend Johnson to execute it. Johnson at first was rather sluggish about it; but Garrick

pressed it warmly to him, and promised to give him his utmost assistance. At length Johnson undertook it. Mr. Garrick was faithful to his promise: he furnished him with all or most of his dramatic quotations. Lord Chesterfield furnished him with almost every thing from polite literature. Mr. Melmoth, translator of Pliny, did the same. Mr. Moore, author of the Fables for the Ladies; Mr. Richard Owen Cambridge; Mr. Soame Jenyns; Mr. Horace Walpole, &c., all contributed. So that Johnson was very ably and amply supplied, although no acknowledgment was ever made of these assistants.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## A DESCRIPTION OF NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS has become of so much importance by its transfer to the United States, and by being the resort of so many adventurers from the Atlantic coast, that we may naturally feel some curiosity respecting its real condition.

The following account of that city was drawn up by one who resided a considerable time within its precincts, before it passed under its present governors, and may afford no small instruction to those who have any thoughts of emigrating thither, or who are desirous of knowing something of a place lately so much talked of.

New Orleans is situated on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, in north latitude 29° 57′ 28″, and in west longitude 90° 14′, from Greenwich. It stands on a kind of peninsula, and, though apparently belonging to West Florida, does in fact form a part of Louisiana, of which it is the capital. It is laid out on Penn's plan, with the streets crossing each other at right angles; and contains fifteen rows of streets, from N. E. to S. W., and seven rows in the opposite direction. It lies about 105 miles from the Gulph of Mexico, following the course of the river; but across the country by land it is not more than twenty-one miles. The number of houses may be about a thousand, and the area of the city about three hundred acres, the whole of which, however, is not built over, as many of the squares at the N. W. end are entirely void of houses. The principal buildings are as near the river as the plan of the town will admit; and houses situated near this spot are of more value than those situated farther back from the Mississippi. Fronting the river, and at an equal distance from each end of the town, there is a public square, left open as well for the purpose of beauty and ornament, as to expose to view a church, which stands at the farther end of it. This church is a plain brick building of the Ionic order, and is the best edifice in the place. The other buildings are, the government house, the magazine of stores, the barracks, and the convent; the latter contains thirty or forty nuns: they are all very plain buildings, and attract no particular attention.

The whole of the city, except the side next to the river, is defended by a fortification, consisting of five bastions regularly laid out, and furnished with banquette, rampart, parapet, ditch, covert-way, and glacis: the curtines are nothing more than a line of palisades about four feet high, which are set at a small distance from each other, and consequently penetrable by musket-ball; these pallisades are furnished with a banquette within, and a trifling ditch and glacis without. In the middle of each curtine there is a small redoubt or ravelin. The bastions have each sixteen embrasures, viz., four in each face, three in each flank, and two in the gorge to face the city. However, the whole of the works are very ill supplied with cannon, which I found arose from real scarcity; and by late accounts from this place it appears, that these defects have not yet been remedied.

There were but two of the bastions that mounted more than four or five pieces of cannon. The eastern bastion, however, which defends the lower end of the city, had its full complement, besides the same number in the covert-way. The reason of this precautionary measure I was unable to ascertain; for they could hardly apprehend an attack from below, as the river is well defended about eighteen miles farther down, and no nation would think of attacking it against the stream, which is exceedingly rapid. The only places which defended the town from above were the S. W. bastion, and a small redoubt on the bank of the river. This bastion was supplied with about twelve pieces of cannon, and was furnished besides with a counterguard and traverses; the redoubt had five pieces of cannon mounted. But, of all this force, not above ten pieces could be brought to bear upon any body of men coming down the river; and if they once effected a landing on the open banks, which would be no difficult thing, as they are almost defenceless, the bastions would be of no farther service. The fortification of this place is not much security against even a few well disciplined troops led on by a skilful commander possessing a good local knowledge of the country: the number of Spanish soldiers kept up here is very trifling; so much so, that the inhabitants of the place are obliged to perform garrison duty, an office of which they complain bitterly. In fact, a spirit of disaffection appeared to run through the whole town, and they seemed ready to favour any attempts that were likely to relieve them from the Spanish yoke.

There are six gates, the two most considerable of which are near the river; the next in importance are the two at the back of the town, one of which leads to lake Ponchartrain: these last are defended by a small breast-work, which, however, is a mere apology for a defence. The gates are of wood, and formed of pallisades about ten or twelve feet high. They are shut every night at nine o'clock, after which time they are not opened without much difficulty; and at this hour it is ordered that no one is to be seen about the streets, unless by permission of the governor; though, except in the case of negroes and servants, the hour is generally extended to eleven, after which time all persons seen about the streets are stopped by the guard, and detained till morning.

The Mississippi, being subject to an annual overflow, like the Nile, is kept within its proper bed by a mound of earth thrown up along the shore: this is called the *levee*, and varies in height according to the surface of the adjoining country, from two to three, and even four feet. It commences at *Detour des Anglois*, eighteen miles below New Orleans, and is carried along the river as far as the German settlements, more than thirty miles above, making in the whole about fifty miles. This bank is of considerable width in some places, so as to form a handsome broad walk, and is kept up by the owners of the adjoining plantations, who are answerable for any damage sustained by the breaking down of the bank, if through their neglect. As all this country is very low and flat, and consequently liable to be overflowed, these *levees* are often continued round the whole plantation; so that, at the inundation, the surface of the surrounding water is considerably above the plantation, which seems to lie in a bed within it. This was the case when I was in New Orleans, and the whole of the city was considerably below the level of the river's surface. The *levee*, which forms the boundary here, is a handsome raised gravel walk, planted with orange trees, and serves as a place of fashionable resort on a summer's evening. I have often enjoyed this promenade, admiring the serenity of the climate, and the majestic appearance of this noble river, which seemed to roll along in silent dignity at our feet, inattentive to the

busy scene that was passing on its shores.

The houses are mostly of wood, and are raised about seven or eight feet from the earth, to make room for the cellars, which are on a level with the ground: for no buildings can be carried below its surface, on account of the height of the surrounding water. The upper part is sometimes furnished with an open gallery, which surrounds the building, a practice very common in warm countries.

In all societies where a number of people from different countries have met together, every one will naturally persevere in those habits to which he has been accustomed in his own country; and though a promiscuous intercourse may induce many men to relax a little, yet it will be long before they form a general character. The residents here are English, Irish, Scots, American, French, and Spanish; and though the four former constitute by far the greatest body of the people, yet the two latter form a distinct division, of which the Spanish are the least considerable. The characteristics of these nations are nearly the same as in the mother-country, though somewhat altered by that natural progress of assimilation already hinted at. The climate too may have some influence, and induce them to some little deviation from usage for the sake of ease and comfort; amongst the most baneful effects of which we may reckon that unconquerable disposition towards idleness so prevalent in warm countries. Nevertheless, they are neat and cleanly in their houses and furniture, which, however, is a virtue of necessity rather than of inclination.

There is but one printing-press in this city, and that is for the use of the government only. The Spaniards are too jealous to suffer the inhabitants to have the free exercise of it; and, strange as it may appear, you cannot stick a paper against the wall, either to recover a thing lost, or to advertise a thing for sale, unless it has the signature of the governor or his secretary.

The diversions of the place consist principally of billiards, of which there are several tables. They have a play-house, which is rather small: it consists of one row of boxes only, with a pit and gallery. The plays are in French, and they have a tolerable set of actors. The inhabitants are musical; and gentlemen often perform in the orchestra at the theatre: in fact, they have no music, public or private, but such as is obtained in this voluntary way.

It is not in young colonies that we are to look for much improvement in the arts and sciences; it will be sufficient if they preserve those which they bring from the mother country, and do not degenerate too rapidly. Emigrants to such places are generally men of a speculative and enterprising turn; the connections which they form amongst each other are mostly for the sake of interest or immediate pleasure, and lose much of their relish for want of that tie which is found to be the only true bond of society.

The climate during summer is intolerably hot: for a few days whilst I was there, in June, the thermometer stood at 117° in the shade! It is deemed a very unhealthy place, which may probably be owing to its low situation; for there is scarcely a hill to be seen for many miles together; besides, the interior is full of swamps and woods; all the cultivated parts are in the immediate vicinity of the rivers.

The observance of the Sabbath is as loose and irreligious as in any other Roman catholic country. The morning is kept in the performance of a few forms and ceremonies under the roof of the church. This being ended, and with it the duty of the day, you every where observe the marks of hilarity and cheerfulness: scarcely has the priest pronounced his benediction, 'ere the fiddle or fife strikes up at the door,

and the lower classes indulge themselves in juvenile diversions: singing, dancing, and all kinds of sports are seen in every street; and in the evening, to crown this scene of dissipation, the play-house and assembly-room are thrown open. This unbending of the mind from all worldly concerns, and suffering the gay dispositions of the heart to bear sway, took very much with the lower sort of people.

The trade of New Orleans consists principally in the exportation of deer-skins, bear-skins, beaver-furs, cotton, lumber, rice, and various other articles that are produced on the plantations up the river. The skins and furs are obtained from the Indians, who are continually bringing them down to this place, where they barter them for rifle-guns, powder, blankets, &c. The imports are chiefly West Indian produce, and such European manufactures as are most in demand amongst the inhabitants, or intended for the traders among the Indians. This latter is very profitable.—There was a gentleman at this time at New Orleans who had followed it for some years; he was then preparing for another expedition, and I proceeded with him about three hundred miles on his way to the province of Mexico. He told me, that though it was a life of extreme fatigue and much danger, yet it was difficult to be procured, as the Spanish governors were very jealous in admiting any one to this privilege; and it would be impossible to carry it on without their permission. His method of conveying such articles as he took out to them, was in little barrels placed upon pack-horses, three barrels on one horse; and in this manner he would travel for hundreds, I may say thousands, of miles through the woods of America, bartering with the Indians as he went along, and receiving from them skins, furs, wild horses, &c., which are all sent down to New Orleans.

Most of the exports above-mentioned are the produce of the plantations within two or three hundred miles of New Orleans; but flour, one of the most considerable, with a small quantity of hemp, tobacco, &c., is the produce of the American settlements on the Ohio, more than two thousand miles above New Orleans! These articles are put on board a kind of boat, or rather raft, which is nowhere to be found but on these rivers: they are flat-bottomed, about twelve feet wide, and forty feet long, and carry from ten to fifty tons: they are made of the coarsest materials, because they are always broken up and sold when they arive at New Orleans, it being impossible for them to return against the stream. Early in spring these boats are loaded, and, floating night and day, they are soon carried by the the force of the stream at the rate of five miles an hour, through a highly romantic country, down to the Mississippi, where they arrive about the time that the inundations commence. In this river, the navigation of which is dangerous on account of the rapidity of the current, and the numerous logs that lie concealed just below the surface of the water, the boatmen are obliged to proceed with caution, and it is near a month or five weeks before the voyage is completed; a voyage where you are secluded from all society of man, except in a savage state; but where the eye is relieved by a continual change of the most delightful and picturesque scenery, and some of the grandest and most sublime views of nature.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### ON LITERARY INDUSTRY.

WHEN a youthful genius meditates a great design, he does not usually reflect on the mode of its performance; his despair is equal to his admiration; and he is in danger of resembling the young arithmetician, who desisted from study, because in the first lessons he had observed the total amount

of an immense series, which he could not suppose he was *born* to comprehend.

If a savage, wandering in his woods, accustomed to no other habitation than his dark cave, or branch-built hovel, should discover an edifice considerable in its magnitude and regular in its arrangement, he would immediately conclude that it was the residence of a divine being, constructed by divine power: he would consider that no human hand could raise the columns, and no human design could invent so beautiful an order. If the savage, however, becomes instructed, he discovers that its author was a being of his own species, that the hand which erected was superior in skill, but not in strength, to his own; and that, if he would submit to the same directions which conducted the other, he might himself be capable of producing a similar composition. This savage is the unreflecting reader, or that simple youth whose admiration closes with despair.

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once, in full extent, to their authors; patiently were they examined, and insensibly were they formed. We often observe this circumstance noticed in their prefaces. Writers have proposed to themselves a little piece of two acts, and the farce has become a comedy of five; an essay swells into a treatise, and a treatise into volumes.

Let us trace the progress of the mind in the formation of its schemes. At the first glance which a man throws around a subject, he perceives one or two striking circumstances unobserved by another. As he proceeds, the whole mind is gradually agitated; acquiring force by exertion, he discovers talents that he knew not he possessed. At first he saw (except the few strong lines which invited his contemplation) every thing dimly; to the studious eye every thing becomes orderly and distinct; the twilight gradually disperses, and every form shines in the brilliant light of imagination. Gibbon tells us, of his Roman History, "At the outset all was dark and doubtful; even the title of the work, the true æra of the decline and fall of the empire, the limits of the introduction, the divisions of the chapters, and the order of the narration; and I was often tempted to cast away the labour of seven years." Winckelman was long lost in composing his capital work, the History of Art; a hundred fruitless attempts were made before he could seize the grand outline. Akenside exquisitely describes the progress of genius in its delightful reveries.

The greatest works have been insensibly formed; that the slightest hints may serve for the leading circumstances of even works of magnitude, three modern compositions of great and kindred merit may prove. That exquisite poem, Les Jardins, of de Lille, owes its birth to the simple incident of a lady asking for a few verses on rural topics. His specimens pleased, and the poet, animated by a smile, heaped sketches on sketches, till he found himself enabled to weave them into a concording whole, which forms one of the finest didactic poems in the language.

"The Botanic Garden" was at first only a few loose descriptions of flowers, which casually excited the poet's philosophical curiosity; and we have only to lament that the English bard wanted the address or the industry of the French poet: a want of order is the great defect of that composition.

"The Pleasures of Memory" was the slow and perfect production of ten years; the poet at first proposed a simple description in a few lines; but, imperceptibly conducted by his meditations, from these few verses was at length composed a poem, important alike for its extent, accuracy, and beauty. Similar circumstances gave the origin of the Lutrin; and the Dunciad is an amplification of the Mac Flecnoe of Dryden.

*Cowper's Task* was originally no-

thing more than to produce a few lines upon the sofa, and from the obvious comparison between

> The three-legged stool on which king Alfred sat,

and the *accomplished sofa* arose that wonderful and diversified performance.

The Henriade of Voltaire was at first only intended for a poem on the league, and its want of unity of design, as an epic, arose from this circumstance.

Meditation may be defined the *industry of the mind.* On its habitual exertion, depends every great performance; for literary industry, to obtain its purpose, must become habitual. It is then, wherever we go, whatever we see, from whatever we read, and whatever we hear, some acquisitions are brought to adorn our favourite topics: like that ancient general, who, in the profoundest peace, practised stratagems of war, and when walking with his friends, and arriving at some remarkable spot, was accustomed to consult with them on a mode of defence or attack. Hence he derived the rare advantage of being ever accompanied by his genius, and to this general the victories of war were obtained by the labours of peace. The great poet and the great painter are alike intent on their respective objects; and, like this general, never pass their remarkable spots without bringing home sentiments and images, forms and colours.

The greatest works have risen from petty commencements, and are always formed by slow degrees.

Fresnoy says, in his Art of Painting,

> By tedious toil no passions are express'd,
> His hand who feels them strongest paints them best.

Reynolds explains this popular prejudice in this manner: "A painter, whatever he may feel, will not be able to express it on canvas without having recourse to a recollection of those principles by which that passion is expressed; the mind, thus occupied, is not likely at the same time to be possessed with the passion which he is representing: an image may be ludicrous, and in its first conception make the painter laugh as well as the spectator, but the difficulty of his art makes the painter, in the course of his work, equally grave and serious, whether he is employed on the most ludicrous or the most solemn subject."

It is exactly the same with literary composition. When Butler or Cervantes were composing their Quixote or Hudibras, they were as grave, and as laboriously applied to their page as Homer or Milton. But how many imagine, that the ludicrous compositions of the first were written as ludicrously and as easily as they appear to the world! A modern comic writer was one day very seriously thoughtful; being asked by a friend why he was so, replied, "I am making a joke for Mrs. Jordan."

This industry is that art, which seizes, as if it were by the rapidity of inspiration, whatever it discovers in the works of others which may enrich its own stores; which knows by a quick apprehension what to examine and what to receive; and which receives an atom of intelligence from the minds of others on its own mind, as an accidental spark falling on a heap of nitre is sufficient to raise a powerful blaze.

If we look into literary biography, we perceive that every illustrious writer, in one mode or another, was an indefatigable student. Whenever the ancient historians describe an eminent character, they tell us he was noted *incredibili industria, diligentia singulari.* Cicero and Pliny, to habituate themselves to the graces of the Grecian writers, practised, even in old age, the labours of translation, and there was no mode or art they omitted proper for correction. They read their work to a select, they recited it to a larger audience, and even sent it to their lite-

rary friends for emendation. This unwearied zeal has rendered their works immortal, and capable of equalling whatever the ambition of later times has produced. Voltaire, lively as he may appear, was an indefatigable student, and never read, even at the close of life, without a pen in his hand. The voluminous labours of Buffon are derived from the simple circumstance of early rising; he long strove against a natural indulgence of ease, and used severe precautions. Perhaps no student was more laborious than Milton, and his industry was even equal to his genius. Observe the modest and remarkable expression he employs, in one of his prose works, alluding to his intention of composing an epic. After mentioning Tasso, he adds, "It haply would be no rashness, from an *equal diligence and inclination*, to present the like." Such was the vigilant industry of Pope, that he appears to have derived his genius from this characteristic.

It is a truth of some importance, that the farther progress we make in knowledge renders study more necessary; that as taste is more refined, labour becomes more essential; and that however later writers must lose something of originality, they have, even if their subject is pre-occupied, more difficulties to overcome, more art to display, more labour to exercise, more novelty to court, than their ancestors, who wrote with the licentious spirit of their age; and who, though not superior in point of courage, handled their pen with a ferocity not permitted to their more polished descendants.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THOMSON'S SEASONS.

WE say of any scheme or project which is futile and nugatory, and which we are inclined to stigmatize with our contempt, that it will *end in smoke*. *Ex luci dare fumum* was, I suppose, proverbial with the Romans. What then shall we think of the felicity or dignity of the following passage of Thomson, in its close?

> Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
> Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
> And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
> The stretching landscape *into smoke decays*.

This is surely a very unlucky image. The landscape does not literally vanish into smoke. The horizon which bounds a wide prospect *sometimes* is dim and obscured by vapour; but to call this vapour *smoke* is neither literally true, nor metaphorically dignified.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE HOUSES OF INDUSTRY IN FLANDERS.

AT Strasburg, and in most of the great towns of Flanders, houses of industry are established, with a view to extirpate idleness and beggary. These workhouses are, in every respect, master-pieces of moral and political economy.

In one of the largest of the suppressed convents, they have fixed, in the kitchen, a kiln to prepare cheap soups. In the rooms of the ground-floor are set up looms for weaving. In the galleries and sleeping-rooms are placed wheels and machines for spinning; and, where the size will admit of it, they form eating-rooms, and reserve a part for chambers, in which some slight works, such as plaiting of straw, and making hats, may be performed; or for correction.

At eight in the morning the gates are opened, and there enter men and women, of every age, who have no work in the town; mothers with their families; servants out of

place; labourers who have no master; and children whose fathers and mothers, because of the labours necessary for their subsistence, cannot have an eye over them. After this voluntary entrance the police-officers traverse the town, and send every beggar and idle person they meet with to the houses of industry.

As they pass over the threshold of the door, an account is taken of them for a share in the distribution of the soup, bread, and water.—There is no need of strength or talent to give a right to this bare necessary, but afterwards every person who is able is put to work, and receives wages and an augmentation of food. His pay is proportioned to his capacity, but, nevertheless, it is fixed below what is given in private manufactories, that the bait of a little higher wages may rouse the workman, and engage him, by removing to a manufactory, to leave his place vacant in the workhouse. The workmen are ranged in two rows: an inspector oversees every room. The following arrangement I have seen in many of these houses:

A woman enters with four or five children: the eldest sits down at the wheel and spins; the second, at some steps' distance, picks wool or cotton; the third, whose arms cannot reach to turn the wheel with one hand, and to stretch out the other to carry the thread round the bobbin, moves the wheel, while a little comrade carries the wool or cotton to the other end of the beam; the fourth child, scarcely two years old, is in a cradle, which the mother rocks with her foot; the fifth hangs at her breast, and she supports it with her left hand, while with her right she turns a spindle. In some houses of industry, that the children might not disturb the workmen, they are put all together, in the winter, into a chamber, and in the summer into a garden, where their laughs and cries drown one another's noise. The old women have the charge of them, and divert them or scold them. In the intervals between labour the mothers visit them, and those who are nurses, at the proper times, give the little ones suck.

So the day runs on. At eight in the evening the doors are opened, and all withdraw. They come again the succeeding day, having acquired more aptitude for work; or, the manufactories wanting more hands, the workmen quit the school of industry to attach themselves to a manufacturer. Mean-time the habit of begging is lost, and a habit of labour is formed; and so he who was a degraded being, a burden to himself, and injurious to society, becomes a man useful to himself and others.

The old, who are incapable of labour, are taken to a house called the depot of mendicity. Soup, bread, and water are given them. They wear on the arm a red strip, to show that they were mendicants. I have seen in this house sixty persons, men and women. The men, in their amended state, have no resemblance to the former mendicants. The marks of wretchedness are more strongly impressed on the persons of the women. There is a design to establish another depot, where the accommodations will be worse, and in which shall be shut up those who, having persisted in begging, notwithstanding all the measures adopted to afford them assistance, shall be condemned to be detained by the tribunal of correction.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## ANTIQUE ELOQUENCE.

NOVELTY is as much the craving of fashion in literature, as in dress or equipage. What is there new? says the curious man, on turning over a catalogue of newly imported publications. If he sees nothing but what has been published twenty or a hundred years ago, he lays it aside with disappointment,

and disgust. And yet novelty is as necessarily, in many instances, the result of very ancient publication, as of that which is very recent. Those books which were published a long time ago, are not likely to come under our inspection. They are seldom to be found in booksellers' shops or circulating libraries. We may indeed be exceedingly familiar with their names, and the reputation they enjoy in the lettered world may be thoroughly known to us; but the works themselves we have never seen, or if its ponderous bulk and tarnished cover ever saluted our sight, curiosity has never has never prompted us to open their discoloured pages.

I do not pretend to be exempted from the fastidious appetite which I am thus condemning. On the contrary, no one was ever more voracious after novelty; but as my thirst for reading is sufficiently strong to make even old things palatable, when the new is beyond my reach, I have frequently found the highest entertainment and instruction in old worm-eaten volumes, which had perhaps encumbered my shelf for years, but had been contemptuously overlooked while something new was at hand. When chance has placed me in unlucky situations, which denied me any other relief than the mouldy volume, I have opened it reluctantly, and found treasures of whose existence I had no previous conception.

I was lately in a situation of this kind, in which no alternative was offered me but to stroll about my solitary cell, listlessly and vaguely musing, or to explore a ponderous tome of bishop Taylor's pious lucubrations. As I read on, I had abundant reason to rejoice in my desolate condition, for I continually met with passages so full of antique eloquence, simple pathos, and picturesque expression, that he will henceforth become a favourite author with me.

To justify my taste, will you allow me to quote a few passages from this obsolete and antiquated moralist? To almost all your readers they will possess, I will venture to say, as much novelty as if the pages were still wet from the press. Let me quote a passage on a topic the tritest and most common among the dealers in homily, the difference which death makes in our condition.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of any person, and it is visible to us who are alive.—Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five and twenty, to the hollowness and deadly pale, the loathsomeness and horrour of a three days' burial; and shall not we see the distance to be very great and very strange? But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and brimming with the dew of Heaven, full as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces.

When the sentence of death is decreed, and begins to be put in execution, it is sorrow enough to see or feel respectively the sad accents of the agony and last contentions of the soul, and the reluctancies and unwillingnesses of the body; the forehead washed with a new and stranger baptism, besmeared with a cold sweat, tenacious and clammy, apt to make it cleave to the roof of his coffin; the nose cold and undiscerning, not pleased with perfumes, nor suffering violence with a cloud of unwholesome smoak; the eyes dim as a sullied mirrour, or the face of heaven when God shows his anger in a prodigious storm; the feet cold, the hands stiff; the physicians despairing, our friends weeping, the rooms dressed with darkness and

sorrow; and the exteriour parts betraying what are the violences which the soul and spirit suffer.

Then calamity is great, and sorrow rules in all the capacities of man; then the mourners weep, because it is civil, or because they need thee, or because they fear; but who suffers for thee with a compassion sharp as is thy pain? Then the noise is like the faint echo of a distant valley, and few hear, and they will not regard thee, who seemest like a person void of understanding, and of a departing interest.

Listen next to the following excellent descant on the duties of a wife.

To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the hearts, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight): and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when charity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward garment is fit to take fools; but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the vail of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetnesses and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.

Remember the days of darkness, for they are many; the joys of the bridal chambers are quickly past, and the remaining portion of the state is a dull progress, without variety of joys, but not without the change of sorrows; but that portion that shall enter into the grave must be eternal. It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrhe into the festival goblet; and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast. I will only show it, and take it away again. It will not only make the wine better but wholesome.

Let me bespeak your attention to one more quotation, on the day of judgment:

For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

At the day of judgment every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbours' shrieks; and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roul upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances, and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a church-yard, in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow: and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects: and that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women at the same instant shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes.

There men shall meet the partners of their sins, and them that drank the round when they crown-

ed their heads with folly and forgetfulness, and their cups with wine and noises. There shall ye see that poor perishing soul, whom thou didst tempt to adultery and wantonness, to drunkenness or perjury, to rebellion or an evil interest, by power or craft, by witty discourses or deep dissembling, by scandal or a snare, by evil example or pernicious counsel, by malice or unwariness.

That soul that cries to those rocks to cover her, if it had not been for thy perpetual temptations, might have followed the lamb in a white robe; and that poor man that is clothed with shame and flames of fire, would have shined in glory, but that thou didst force him to be a partner of thy baseness.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE FALL OF VENICE.

*From the Italian.*

OF all the states which continued neutral in the revolutionary war, none had been more obsequious to France, nor more studiously avoided giving offence, nor more anxiously courted its good will, than Venice; the intercourse between them was most friendly; and each abounded in professions of the most cordial amity. In 1796, Bonaparte, following up the fortune of the war, entered the Venetian territory at the head of his army; and immediately on his arrival he issued proclamations, in which he recognised Venice as a friendly neutral, and solemnly promised not to violate the relations subsisting between the two countries. No sooner, however, did he gain a footing there, than he insulted the government in its agents, seized posts, reduced towns, and levied most heavy contributions; and the patient and submissive Venice, so loyal and invariable in its attachment to the French, was obliged to maintain his rapacious forces. His confidants disseminated discontents, traduced and vilified the sovereign, and, inciting the subjects to rebel, induced not only cities, but whole provinces, to shake off the Venetian yoke. The foul robberies, the shameless extortions, the wanton cruelties, and the gratuitous mischiefs, committed by the French troops, were rather encouraged than overlooked by the commander, who pretended to listen to the complaints and remonstrances of the oppressed, and readily promised redress, but in fact took care, by means of his underlings, to aggravate the evils which they suffered. The excesses of the military were excited rather than restrained, and the exactions were increased beyond the wants of the troops. The French general hoped, by this pressure of calamity, to sour the minds of the people, to cause them to adopt revolutionary principles, and to throw off all subjection to their former masters. In three-fourths of the *terra firma*, the desired effect took place, and the remainder was on the eve of following the example.

While the *terra firma* was thus visited with all the severities which a barbarous foe, exercising his utmost ingenuity, could devise, the capital itself was suffering from his wiles. One of his creatures, abusing the privileges of a resident, aided by other emissaries, and by the bad subjects of the metropolis, was busy in practising all the revolutionizing arts. Yet the patience of the Venetians was not to be worn out; and all this unparalleled ill usage never caused them to raise a finger against their oppressors. They would do nothing which the ingenuity of Bonaparte could convert into a pretext for war: but an expedient was at length devised, which furnished the pretence so long sought in vain. It was a known law of the state, recognized by all the powers of Europe, that no foreign vessel was allowed to enter the ports of the capital. A French fleet was therefore ordered into the Adriatic, which approached the Lagunes, and a ship

of war belonging to the squadron attempted to force its way into the port of Lido: when one of the forts fired at it, and its commander was killed. The Venetian government lost no time in properly explaining the matter to Bonaparte: but the artful general paid little attention to their representations. He was now provided with the ground for hostilities which he had so long wanted; and having first oppressed, exhausted, and laid waste the territories of Venice, while no hostile act could be charged on that state, he now declared war against it, in order to obtain possession of its remaining provinces, and to seize the capital itself. No war, however, actually took place, because the Venetians were resolved to submit to whatever terms should be prescibed to them, and Bonaparte preferred employing the intrigues of the resident Villetard. It was left to him to accomplish, and to render inglorious, the downfal of the once proud mistress of the Adriatic. He had secured partisans, he had numerous agents, he had rendered the garrison discontented, he circulated false rumours, now threatened, and now promised; at length the intimidated magistrates laid aside their authority, and a constitution was framed according to the direction of the Gallic minister. Under the pretext of guarding the new order of things, French troops were admitted into the city: while Bonaparte, as it were to convince the world that he delighted to insult, as well as to trample on those who are in his power, at the moment when he learnt that the revolution had taken place, signed a treaty with the deputies of the ancient government.

The French troops had no sooner fixed their residence within Venice, than it was treated as a captured place. Every thing curious and valuable became the prey of the conquerors, even the depositories of the pledges of the distressed were robbed, the arsenals were plundered, the navy was seized, nothing was suffered to remain in this magnificent metropolis but its naked buildings, and the booty made by the French is said to have amounted to eight millions of dollars. To render the subjugation complete, the capital itself was made over by Bonaparte, who had been more the seducer than the conqueror of Italy, to the house of Austria: though it had neither been conquered, nor had it surrendered itself to him; and he had no right to retain the possession of it in his own hands, much less to transfer it to another state. It may safely be said, that history contains nothing more fraudulent and profligate than his conduct towards the ancient republic of Venice.

Whenever a city, by intrigue and open force, could be brought to renounce its allegiance to its sovereign, the national troops were in an instant disarmed, the provincial treasury plundered, every corporate fund swallowed up, the magazines and warehouses emptied, all Venetian arms seized, and the ornaments consecrated to religion taken away. Every thing disappeared under the hands of the French, as if by the touch of a magic wand.

Nothing could exceed the attention paid to the French army by the Venetians; and the officers and commissaries were accommodated with private houses and public edifices: but the ungrateful return which the senate received for its generosity will astonish posterity. The manners of Bonaparte were little superior to those of the ruffians he commanded. No low-born person, whom the chances of the revolution raised to power, more abused it, or acted a more indecent part, than that which is recorded of this hero.

In the fasti of this republic, the 15th of April, which happened to be Easter Sunday, will ever form a memorable æra. On that day a full council was unexpectedly called; for an aid de camp of Bonaparte, Junot, wished to present himself to it. A single individual commanded the colossus of fourteen centuries. Delay was, however, requested for

calling this extraordinary meeting. It was stated, that on this festival the most august mysteries of the established religion being celebrated, and the pious customs of their ancestors requiring that all the magistrates of the republic should be present, their sudden absence, and so great a desertion of the national rites and ceremonies, would cause a disturbance in the capital, and scandalize and enrage the people. Prayers, arguments, every motive was employed, but in vain. On these remonstrances, the hostile and designing Frenchman became furious, and declared, that he had orders instantly to read to the doge, in full council, a letter from his commander, or, in case of refusal, to declare war against the republic. It therefore became necessary to yield, and the letter was heard previous to the sacred functions. It is impossible to offend men more than by slighting their ancient customs. To endeavour to oppress them may be sometimes a proof of esteeming them, but to outrage their national usages is always a mark of extreme contempt.

A French officer, quartered at Verona, one day determined, or more probably received the command of his general, to fire from the fort upon the town; a desperate contest ensued; and the towns-people would have been victorious, had they not been induced to desist, by intelligence of the speedy arrival of several French armies. It then became necessary to think of capitulating.

To avoid yielding the city at discretion, the citizens of all classes assembled, and elected some persons of eminence to negociate with Kilmaine. These men being invested with power to dispose of the national independence, advanced to his camp; where Augustus Verita, speaking in the name of this no longer Venetian people, intermingling arguments and supplications, obtained that religion should be respected, and the lives and properties of all saved. Such were the written and solemn conditions of the surrender of the city; but their duration was short, and they afforded but a transitory and delusive relief to the depression of the inhabitants.

At length the French entered Verona without further resistance, as into a town unaccustomed to arms, or tired with war, and grown docile to the will of the conqueror. At their appearance, however, tears flowed from old men and from children, from the high and from the low, from men and from women. Unmoved at the sight of a race afflicted with innumerable misfortunes, the French declared all the officers and soldiers prisoners of war, and disposed, according to their caprice, of all kinds of public and private property. With sacrilegious hands they seized the substance of the innocent poor by sacking the *Monte di Pieta*. By means of exorbitant contributions in money, in costly furniture, and in plate, the miserable remains of private fortunes were cruelly devoured: the temples, those divine asylums of peace, those illustrious monuments of devotion, which even the barbarians of the north revered, were shut up and abandoned to ruin, after having been despoiled of their sacred honours, at the very moment when the ministers of religion had hastened thither to appease the wrath of Heaven: domestic retreats were invaded and profaned by armed ruffians, who filled them with terror, tearing from the bosoms and arms of their families the most illustrious defenders of their country, and throwing them into prison.

*The heads of the guilty shall fall*, had the ferocious Augereau declared in a public proclamation. This obscure indication of half-uttered menaces had frozen the blood in every bosom. The thunderbolt was only to strike a few, but the terror that preceded it fell on all. Notwithstanding, after much prayer, entreaty, and exertion, many of the prisoners were restored to liberty, though they expected only to quit their prisons to be led to execution. This

event had induced the Veronese to flatter themselves that no citizen would lose his life, though three yet remained in the hands of the enemy, and though their proofs of innocence were such as to afford every hope. Yet, knowing them to be in the power of a faithless foe, some anxiety still prevailed.

Emili was detained in a castle an illustrious hostage, on the inviolable faith of a treaty, and therefore protected by the law of nations; Verità by the sacred character of ambassador; and Malenza by the solemn promise of the conqueror. The council of war was already assembled; they had already examined these intended victims, whose innocence was undeniably evident.

After hearing them, forgetting that Verità had, with pious haste, brought to Kilmaine his two nephews, by him defended amid the perilous conflicts at Verona; forgetting that Emili had many times, and at great expence, collected and removed the wounded from the field of battle, where their inhuman brethren left them to languish on the naked earth in the last agonies of death; forgetting that all three had lavished on the French troops, and even upon these their very judges, acts of the most liberal munificence, abusing an incompetent article of the French constitution, trampling under foot all laws divine and human, violating all the rights of hospitality, and rendering justice herself an accomplice of crimes, they pronounced against them sentence of death.

In the dead of a stormy night, the rumour of this melancholy intelligence was scarcely spread, when the relations of the condemned, their friends, and all the other inhabitants, resolved by all possible means to prevent their execution. To have beheld the ardent interest which every one demonstrated, it seemed as though it were not three citizens of a town, but three children of a single family, that excited this universal anxiety and ferment. I will not attempt to pourtray all the afflicting scenes of that awful night: I will not detail, with how much generosity the elder Emili lavished his wealth for the safety of his brother: I will not describe, with how much anguish the afflicted consort of the unfortunate Verità, together with her desolate and weeping children, threw herself at the feet of the French commander; or with what effusion of grief, supplicating in the name of God, she offered her fortunes and her blood to save the life of her husband; but all in vain. The decree was confirmed against them all.

On the morrow they descended from the castle for the last time, and for what crime? For defending their country. Their blood will be upon the heads of their assassins. They were surrounded by arms; a muffled drum preceded them. Wholly ignorant of their doom, they marched with a firm step between the guards, little expecting the approaching event, when a secretary at war stopped them, and read the sentence of death. Equally prepared to pass from chains to liberty, or from slavery to the tomb, they pursued their way with the same boldness as before, and, in the midst of general consternation, approached with intrepidity the place of execution. Such is the power of a consciousness of right, and of an ardent love of our country.

In the most barbarous regions, when victims are required by indispensable necessity, those who are destined to immolate them offer every alleviation of their hard fate. The French denied these martyrs of virtue the religious consolations so necessary to all men in the last moments of departing life. Even with this act of impious barbarity they were not dejected: their innocence was registered in heaven, and in heaven an eternal crown was prepared to reward it.

At length they arrived at the place of execution; the guards halted. The military pomp with which they were surrounded, the sight of the cart that was to receive their bodies, the pallid horror of the sur-

rounding spectators, every thing informed them that their last hour was come: when, seizing each other's hand, they communed in a few interesting words, but which with them were lost for ever.

Almost the same instant saw them bend their brows to receive the fatal fillet, kneel, and fall, pierced with innumerable balls. All Verona was filled with lamentations and with anguish.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### MODERN GREEK.

A SCHOLAR, accustomed to the plainness, conciseness, and simplicity of the old Greek phraseology, and especially to the republican plain dealing with which private intercourse was carried on, will be much amused with the following specimen of modern Attic.

Dr. Askew, a celebrated English traveller in the Levant, kept an album, which, among other testimonies of his merit from distinguished foreigners, contains a few compliments and epigrams addressed to him by modern Greeks. To one of these is prefixed the following inscription:

Προς τον ελλαμπροτατον, και ενδοξοτατον και σοφωτατον Αρχοντα Βρεταννων, Κυριον Κυριων, Αντωνιον Ασχιον.

The person who wrote this inscription and epigram was an Athenian, most probably one of the best scholars then in Athens.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### SKETCH OF SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON was one instance, among innumerable others, of natural talents making their way to eminence, under the pressure of narrow circumstances, the disadvantage of obscure birth, and the want of a liberal education. He was the son of a joiner, who, for certain reasons, on the defeat of the duke of Monmouth, fled from London into Derbyshire; where, in 1689, Samuel was born. Richardson, from motives known only to himself, always avoided to mention the town which gave him birth. This concealment arose from no littleness of mind, since he, without reserve, has related the obscure and narrow circumstances of his early life; yet it is difficult to account for it on any principle belonging to *greatness* of mind. He was originally designed for the church; but some heavy losses, sustained by his father, having disabled him from defraying the expences of an education proper to qualify the son for that situation, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, Samuel was obliged, with the mere accomplishment of common school learning, to make choice of a business.

Some of the admirers of Richardson have wished to raise his character by asserting that he possessed a knowledge of the classics; but his own assertions are frequent in his letters, that he possessed no language but his own, not even French. It is said, indeed, that Dr. Young and he have been heard to quote Horace and other classics in their familiar conversations, and the letters of the pedant Brand, in Clarissa, which are larded with Latin quotations, are adduced as proofs of his scholarship; but, with regard to the latter, it seems probable that he was assisted by Mr. Channing; and, as to the former, it is not unlikely that he might be familiar with a few of those Latin phrases which are used, in a manner proverbially, by scholars, as the garniture of their discourse; and that he might also remember something of the rudiments, which he probably learnt at school, neither of which circumstances imply any real knowledge of the language. His deficiences in this respect he often lamented; and it is certain his style

is as far as possible from that of a scholar. It abounds with colloquial vulgarisms, and has neither that precision, nor that tincture of classic elegance, which is generally the result of an early familiarity with the best models.

If, however, he was ignorant of the learned languages, he was fond of reading; was early noted for invention; displayed a fondness for letter-writing; and, when not more than thirteen years old, was employed, by three young women, to give them outlines to copy, or correct, for answers to their lovers' letters. Here, perhaps, was the origin of that style of writing in which Richardson was afterward distinguished.

In 1706 he was bound apprentice to Mr. Wilde, of Stationers' Hall. After the expiration of seven years, he continued five or six years working first as a compositor, then as corrector of the press to a printing-office, and lastly as overseer, and thus gradually advancing in his trade, he took up his freedom, and commenced business for himself in a court in Fleet-street; whence, as his concerns grew more extensive, he removed into Salisbury-court. Here he soon became rich, and celebrated, not only as a printer, but for exerting his genius as an author, assisting the booksellers with indexes, prefaces, and, as he styles them, honest dedications. Through the interest of the speaker, Onslow, he was employed to print the journals of the house of commons, in twenty-six volumes, folio; and, in 1754, he was chosen master of the the stationers' company, an office, we are told, which is not only honourable but lucrative.

He was twice married; his first wife, Allington Wilde, his master's daughter, died in 1731; his second, who was the sister of Mr. Leake, bookseller at Bath, survived him. By the former he had five sons and one daughter; and by the latter, five daughters and one son: but all of his sons, and most of his daughters, he buried. In 1760 he purchased a moiety of the patent of law-printer to his majesty; and, as a man of business, he was in a situation to make a comfortable provision for his family.

But the genius of Richardson was not destined to be for ever employed in ushering into the world the productions of others. Neither city feasts and honours, nor printing law-books and acts of parliament, nor the cares of a family, and the management of so large a concern of business, could quench the spark that glowed within him, or hinder the lovely ideas that played about his fancy, from being clothed in words, and produced to captivate the public ear. The printer in Salisbury-court was to create a new species of writing; his name was to be familiar in the mouths of the great, the witty, and the gay, and he was destined to give one motive more to the rest of Europe, to learn the language of his country. The early fondness of Mr. Richardson for epistolary writing has already been mentioned, as also that he employed his pen occasionally for the booksellers. They desired him to give them a volume of familiar letters, upon a variety of supposed occasions. He began; but, letter producing letter, like John Bunyan, "as he pulled it came," till, unexpected to himself, the result was his History of Pamela, which was published in 1740. As a new species of novel-writing, peculiarly calculated to promote the cause of virtue, it was received with a burst of applause from all ranks of people.

Encouraged by success, he proceeded next to the composition of Clarissa, a performance on which his fame is principally founded, and which will transmit his name to posterity, as one of the greatest geniuses of the age in which he lived. It interested and agitated his numerous readers to the highest pitch, and drew on him numerous correspondents, who felt peculiarly anxious for his imaginary characters, and warmly expressed their wish as the story advanced, that the pathetic and heart-breaking detail

should terminate happily. Richardson wisely resisted these solicitations, though urged with great vehemence and dexterity even by a lady Bradshaigh.

Having written two works, in each of which the principal character was a female, he determined to exhibit an example of *a perfect man*; to which undertaking he was partly stimulated by the attacks of his female disciples, who, in answer to the reproaches which he cast on them, of liking Lovelace too well, observed to him that he had given them nobody else to like. This deficiency is supplied in Sir Charles Grandison.

In addition to these, Richardson published a volume of Familiar Letters; a paper in the Rambler; and an edition of Æsop's Fables, with reflections; to which may be added a volume of maxims taken from Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison.

The style of this author is not in proportion to his other excellencies of composition. He wrote with facility; expressions, as well as thoughts, flowing readily to his pen; but we do not find, in his writings, either the ease and elegance of good company, or the polished period of a finished author. They are not only overloaded with complimentary expressions, which give a stiffness to the dialogue, particularly in his Grandison, where he has most attempted to give a picture of genteel life, but they are blemished with little flippancies, new-coined words, and sentences involved and ill-constructed.

His style, however, has the property of setting before the reader, in the most lively manner, every circumstance of what he means to describe. He has the accuracy and finish of a Dutch painter, with the fine ideas of an Italian one. He is content to produce effects by the patient labour of minuteness.

Mr. Richardson, in the double character of printer and author, drew around him a large acquaintance; his friendly qualities, and warm hospitality, both in Salisbury-court and at his country retreat, first at North End, near Hammersmith, and afterward at Parson's-Green, near Fulham, made him generally respected; and his partiality to the society of females evinced the amiable qualities of his heart. His voluminous correspondence sufficiently proves his fondness for letter-writing, which he prosecuted in various directions, notwithstanding a nervous disorder under which he laboured, and which he often laments. In 1755, he was much occupied by building in town and country, and, in 1757, the marriage of his daughter Mary was accomplished. He now allowed himself some relaxation from business; and in time he found leisure, if he had possessed health, to enjoy his reputation, his prosperous circumstances, his children, and his friends; but alas! leisure, purchased by severe application, often comes too late to be enjoyed; and, in a worldly, as well as in a religious sense,

———When we find
The key of life, it opens to the grave.

His nervous disorders increased upon him, and his valuable life was at length terminated by a stroke of an apoplexy, on the 4th of July, 1761, at the age of seventy-two. He was buried, by his own direction, near his first wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## LITERARY POPULARITY.

A VERY striking example of the fame and profit which a book may afford an author, is given by the compilation of the late Dr. Buchan, called the Family Physician. The author made himself a *family physician*, by means of this publication, to an extent almost incredible.—This work experienced a sale far exceeding that of any other medical work ever published before in Great Britain. It has gone through no less than nineteen editions, many of

which consisted of six and seven thousand copies each, which makes the copies on the whole exceed 120,000, and still enjoys as extensive a circulation as ever. In addition to this, it has been frequently republished in America, and has been repeatedly imitated, copied, and pirated, in various ways, as well as under different forms, both in Ireland and Great Britain. It is translated into every language of Europe, and even into the Russian. The reputation of the author appears to have been still greater on the continent than in his native country.—From the late empress of all the Russias, the munificent rewarder of every species of merit, he received a large medallion, of pure gold, with a complimentary letter, written at her imperial majesty's express desire, by the chancellor D'Osterman. He also received many other complimentary letters, some of them accompanied with liberal presents, both from individuals and societies, in several of the West India islands, expressive of their sense of the many and great advantages derived from his work.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## INDUSTRY EXEMPLIFIED IN WILLIAM PEARCE.

THE following particulars may to some appear trivial and insignificant, but to the wise their importance will be highly deemed of in many points of view. The honest and laborious person deserves a civic crown far better than the poet or statesman deserves his laurel. An employment of our time and faculties less liable to every kind of cavil or exception, and in a more unmixed degree beneficial to the individual and the public, it would puzzle invention to conceive.

The account is given to the London Society for the Improvement of of Arts, by a lieutenant of the navy, nearly in these terms:

I yesterday took a walk of about two miles, to satisfy myself respecting a remarkable instance of persevering and indefatigable industry, which I found as follows:

Twelve acres of barren downs had been taken from the common, seven or eight of which were in a high state of cultivation, and the remainder in a very forward state of improvement. This space was divided into eight fields, separated by seventeen stone fences, put together in a masterly manner. The fields are intersected with various drains, which empty themselves into the ditches that have been obliged to be dug round the margin of each field, both for this purpose, and in order to give greater height to the fences. On each side of every bank ditches are dug, and in the gateways bridges are made able to support a loaded cart, that the water may run freely off. The land produced, in 1803, ten Cornish bushels of barley, nine trusses of hay, two hogsheads of oats, and ten bushels of wheat, besides pasture for cattle.

This has been the labour of eighteen years, by one indefatigable man, who began it in the fiftieth year of his age. His dwelling-house, and out-buildings, including the turf-walls of which they are composed, the laying of the rafters, and the thatching, are all executed by himself, though he was only bred to husbandry.

This deserving character is William Pearce, near Helston, Cornwall, who, when he began his improvements, was possessed only of one mare, and the shilling per day which he earned by hard labour. He has brought up seven children, of whom the sons volunteered into the service of their country; two were killed in the last war, and two were still employed in the same service when this account was received.

The Society of Arts awarded him their silver medal and fifteen guineas, as an encouragement of virtuous and distinguished industry.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## STATE OF ENGLAND.

THE real internal state of the English nation cannot be more forcibly illustrated than in the following particulars, collected during the last year by the well known Mr. Rose:

The total population of England and Wales, 8,872,980; the number of square miles, 55,833; the number of inhabitants in each square mile, 152; rental on which the parochial assessment is made, 24,129,134l.; rental on which the tax on property is collected, 33,975,643l.; number of parishioners, including their children, relieved in each 100 of the population, 12; number of parishioners relieved in workhouses, 83,462; *how much per head* in *workhouses*, 12l. 3s. 6¾d.; number of parishioners, including their children, relieved out of workhouses, 956,248; *at how much per head* out of *workhouses*, 3l. 3s. 7d.; number of parishoners relieved in and out of workhouses, 1,039,716; at how much per head in and out of workhouses, including law expences, removals, &c., 3l. 17s. 9d.; average per head, on the population, of total sum raised by rates, 12s.; average per head, on the population, of *expenditure on account of the poor*, 9s. 7d.; number of parishes in which the poor are stated in the returns to be farmed or maintained under contract, 293; number of parishes which maintain their poor under special acts of parliaments, 774; number of members of friendly societies, 704,350.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS.

THE Institute of Bologna has always had females of very great learning among its members. At that place mademoiselle Agnesi, author of a Treatise on the Differential Calculus, was professor of mathematics, Colotilda Tambroni held lectures on the Greek language, and Laura Bassi, who died in 1778, taught natural philosophy with as much *eclat* as Fourcroy derives from his chemical lectures at Paris. Madame du Boccage, in her Letters on Italy, speaks of a public lecture of Laura Bassi, at which she was present; and adds, she afterwards made, with great precision and politeness, some experiments on irratability.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## GLEANINGS OF HUMOUR.

### *Bon Mot of Voltaire.*

A MAN of learning was complaining to Voltaire, that few foreigners relished the beauties of Shakespeare. Sir, replied the wit, bad translations torment and vex them, and prevent them understanding your great dramatist. A blind man, sir, cannot perceive the beauty of a rose, who only pricks his fingers with the thorns.

### *Bon Mot against Voltaire.*

When, on the subject of Voltaire's absurd translation, and abuse of many passages in Shakespeare, the inconsistency of the Frenchman's conduct was arraigned in conversation, a man of wit observed, that Voltaire acted as some highwaymen do, rob first, and then find safety in murdering their prey.

### *A Pun.*

A gentleman meeting an old friend, whom he had not seen for a long time, congratulated him on lately coming to the possession of a large *landed* estate. "There was such a report," replied the other, "but you may depend upon it that it was quite *groundless*."

### *A Turkish Hyperbole.*

Persons in warm countries certainly possess powers of imagination superior to persons in colder climates. The following description of a small room will appear very poetic to an English reader: "I am now," says a Turkish spy, writing to his employers, "in an apartment so little, that the least suspicion cannot enter it."

### *Repartee of Lord Chesterfield.*

Some one observing to lord Chesterfield that the French were a more polite people than the English, he hesitated very much: the observer continued to corroborate his opinion by adding, My lord, the English confess it themselves. Nay, then, returned the peer, that confession proves the English superior in politeness.

### *An Equivocal Defence.*

An author, as too often happens, was very irritable in his disposition, and very unfortunate in his productions. His tragedy and comedy had both been rejected by the managers of both theatres. I cannot account for this, said the unfortunate bard to his friend; for no one can say that my tragedy was a *sad* performance, or that my comedy was a thing to laugh at.

### *A Doctrine well defended.*

A preacher had held forth diffusely and ingeniously upon the doctrine that the Creator of the universe had made all things beautiful. A little crooked lawyer met him at the church-door, and exclaimed, Well, doctor, what do you think of my figure; does it correspond with your tenets of this morning? My friend, replied the preacher, with much gravity, you are handsome for a hunch-backed man.

### *Bon Mot.*

A lady of easy virtue declared, that she continued her profession in order to amass money sufficient to enable her to enter some religious house. Madam, replied a man of wit, your conduct reminds me of the practice of watermen, who pursue their way to the place of their destination with their backs turned towards it.

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### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON THE STYLE OF SIR T. BROWNE, DR. JOHNSON, AND MR. GIBBON.

THE cultivation of the learned languages, since the reign of Henry VIII, has introduced many words of Latin origin into the conversation and the writings of the English. The attention paid to Italian literature, particularly in the reign of Elizabeth, contributed to increase their number. In the works of Shakespeare we find many such words; and those, which his imperfect knowledge of Latin and Greek did not afford him the opportunity of taking immediately from the classics, he probably borrowed from the same translations, which furnished many of his plots, speeches, and characters. Yet he seems to have considered the too free admission of this strange phraseology as an object of occasional censure, and has therefore exposed it to ridicule, with great effect, in the ludicrous characters of Holofernes and Pistol. The dramatic productions of Ben. Jonson, his contemporary, are much more strongly marked by these exotic conceits. But of all our writers of those times, no one seems to have been so ambitious of the stiff and pompous decorations of a latinised style, as sir Thomas Browne, the author of "The Vulgar Errors." His sentences are so replete with words, which differ only from Latin

in their terminations, that he is entitled to the first place in the school of pedantry. It is very extraordinary, that the force of his own observation, which was levelled against those who indulged in this practice, recoils with the greatest force upon himself. "If elegancie still precedeth, and English pens maintain that stream we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall within few years be fain to learne Latine to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either."

The affected structure of his style is apparent even from the first sentence of the above-mentioned work. "Would truth dispense, we could be content with Plato, that knowledge were but remembrance, that intellectual acquisition were but reminiscential evocation," &c. That many of his words may be translated into Latin with little more than a change in their terminations, the following passages will show. "Scintillations are not the accension of the air upon the collision of two hard bodies, but rather the inflammable effluences discharged from the bodies collided." "Ice is figured in its guttulous descent from the air, and grows greater or lesser according unto the accretion or pluvious aggelation about the mother and fundamental atoms thereof."

There is sufficient reason to suppose, that Dr. Johnson formed his style upon the model of sir T. Browne. He has written his life; has quoted in his Dictionary many of his words, unsupported by any other authority; and, perhaps, in his works, it would not be difficult to trace some marks of direct imitation.

Between the opinions and the practice of Johnson there is a striking inconsistency; for in the preface to his Dictionary, he regrets that our language had been for some time gradually departing from its ancient Teutonic character; and yet in his works, particularly in the Rambler, he promotes this departure in the most studious manner. From the writer of an English dictionary might naturally be expected a close adherence to idiom; and that he would mark the line of distinction very strongly between such words and phrases as were unsupported by sufficient authority, and such as had been fully sanctioned by the usage of the best authors. And from a writer, whose professed purpose it was to recommend the beauties of moral truth to the different ranks of the public at large, and render topics of criticism intelligible and popular, we should expect few modes of expression, which are pedantic or affected. Whether we consider the nature of his essays, or the general use for which they were intended, it must be evident, that such subjects call for peculiar perspicuity of expression. Johnson seems to have judged the style of Addison more worthy of praise, than proper for his imitation. Whoever, says he, wishes to acquire a style which is familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison. Our literature indeed dates a new era from the publication of his works: and some of the words which he uses, if they were not of his own coining, are rarely to be met with in former writers. By endeavouring to avoid low and familiar expressions, he is frequently lofty and turgid; and to a reader unacquainted with the learned languages, must sometimes be wholly unintelligible. His new modes of expression, involution of periods, frequent use of the substantive instead of the adjective, and stated introduction of triads, are peculiarities, if not innovations, which have drawn after him a train of imitators. Some of them are indeed entitled to praise on account of their possessing sufficient judgment to keep their style in constant subserviency to their thoughts; and others have exposed themselves to ridicule by the ludicrous association of pompous words with feeble and trite ideas.

If our subject required us to weigh the general merits of this author, as well as to remark the peculiarities

of his style, we should readily concur in the commendation bestowed upon his transcendent abilities, and acknowledge, that the energy of his language was oftentimes a sufficient apology for his elaborate pomp; and that our censure must in some degree abate its severity, when we consider the force and the discrimination of his terms, the correctness, variety, and splendour of his imagery, the power of his understanding, his love of virtue and religion, and his zeal for their promotion, so extremely well adapted to the different characters he sustained in the literary world as a moralist, a philologist, and a critic.

It is a great misfortune for the public, and particularly for the younger part of Gibbon's readers, considering the popularity of his works, that he has concealed the poison of infidelity under a honied sweetness of style. Skilled in all the arts of declamation, and studious to please and amuse us at the expence of correctness of taste, he has confounded the diction of a *poet* with that of a *historian*. And his arrangement of sentences is frequently so much alike, and they are formed in so mechanical a manner, that they seem to have been constructed according to one particular rule. Although many of his characters are finely drawn, and many of his descriptions are lively and beautiful, yet his verboseness frequently fatigues the attention, and his obscurity perplexes it. He endeavours, and often with unsuccessful pains, to give dignity to trifles, and to adorn every subject, whether trivial or important, with the flowery ornaments of description. In various instances he must offend the judgment of those who wish to see the different kinds of composition confined within their due limits, and more particularly expect, that a historian should not depart, either in point of dignity of character, or propriety of expression, from the rules of correct composition. A careful reader of Gibbon will observe, that his affectation oftentimes renders his meaning very obscure; that he deviates from the genius of our language by the frequent transposition of the members of his sentences, and by using words in new and unauthorized senses; by borrowing French ornaments of style, and by sometimes adopting the French idiom.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## ON FLEETWOOD, GODWIN'S LAST NOVEL.

WHOEVER has read Caleb Williams, and probably few, even amongst those addicted to graver studies, have not perused that celebrated work, must necessarily be eager to see another romance from the same hand. There is indeed no great pleasure in recollecting the conduct and nature of that story; for murders, and chains, and dungeons, and indictments, trial, and execution, have no particular charms, either in fiction or reality. Neither is it on account of the moral of the tale, which, in direct opposition to that of the worthy chaplain of Newgate, seems to be, not that a man guilty of theft or murder is in some danger of being hanged; but that, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, he may be regularly conducted to the gallows for theft or murder which he never committed. There is nothing instructive or consolatory in this proposition, when taken by itself; and if intended as a reproach upon the law of England, it is equally applicable to all human judicatures, whose judges can only decide according to evidence, since the Supreme Being has reserved to himself the prerogative of searching the heart, and of trying the reins. But, though the story of Caleb Williams be unpleasing, and the moral sufficiently mischievous, few novels excite a more powerful interest. Several scenes are painted with the savage force of Salvator Rosa; and,

while the author pauses to reason upon the feelings and motives of the actors, the fallacy of his arguments, the improbability of his facts, and the inconsistency of his characters are lost in the solemnity and suspence with which we expect the evolution of the tale of mystery.

In his last work, which he calls Fleetwood, Godwin has chosen a tale of domestic life, consisting of such incidents as usually occur in the present state of society, diversified only by ingenuity of selection, and novelty of detail.

Fleetwood, the only son of a gentleman who has retired from mercantile concerns to the enjoyment of a liberal fortune, is born and educated among the mountains of Wales. He has no companions saving his father, an infirm, though very respectable old gentleman, and his tutor, who was *not* a clergyman; notwithstanding which, he studied Plato without understanding him, and indemnified himself by writing sonnets which could be understood by nobody. Fleetwood being of course a passionate admirer of the beauties of nature, preferred scrambling over the heights of Cader Idris, adoring the rising, and admiring the setting sun, to perusing the pages of Plato, and the poetry of his tutor. In one of these rambles he, at length, meets with an adventure. A lamb, a favourite lamb, falls into a lake: the shepherd plunges in after the lamb: an aged peasant, his father, is about to plunge in after the shepherd, when Fleetwood, as might have been expected, anticipates his affectionate intentions. After remaining a reasonable time in the water, the shepherd holding the lamb, and Fleetwood supporting the shepherd, they are all three fished up by an interesting young damsel, who approaches in a boat, and proves to be (according to good old usage) the mistress of William the shepherd, and the proprietor of the half-drowned favourite. This adventure leads to nothing, except that, in the conclusion, the interesting young woman unexpectedly pops back upon us in the very useful, though not very romantic character of an old sick-nurse, deserving, no less in her advanced age, the praises of the Institution for Relief of the Destitute Sick, than in her youth she had merited a premium from the Humane Society. The worthy tutor, in like manner, vanishes entirely from our view, retiring to an obscure lodging, in a narrow street, to finish his book of sonnets, and his commentary on Plato.

His pupil is now introduced to the knowledge of mankind at the university. Here he discovers no aversion to distinguish himself among the dissipated sons of fortune, and soon becomes something very different from the climber of mountains and diver into lakes. But he acquits himself of all share in a *quizzing* scene, played off upon a *fresh-man* called Withers, who had written a tragedy on a very interesting subject—the cleansing of the Augean stable. This piece he is prevailed upon to recite to certain arch wags, who receive it with rapture, fill the author drunk, and bear him home, crowned with parsley, and dropping with wine, in classical triumph. They have afterwards the address to pass a wooden figure upon him for the master of his college, who, after a rebuke pronounced in character, by one of the quizzers, who chanced to be a ventriloquist, proceeds, by some unknown mechanism, to inflict upon Withers the academical discipline under which Milton is said to have smarted of yore; but, far from imitating the submission of his sublime prototype, the modern bard kicked and cuffed in stout opposition, till he discovered the impassable character of his antagonist. The joke ends by Withers going mad, and the ingenious authors of his distress being rusticated. We presume the ventriloquist found a refuge with Fitz-James, and the mechanist with Merlin or Maillardet. What connection this facetious tale has with Fleetwood or his history does not appear.

We now accompany Fleetwood on his travels. Paris was his first stage, where he had the strange and uncommon misfortune to be jilted by two mistresses. The first was a certain marchioness, whose mind "resembled an eel," and who delighted in the bold, the intrepid, and the masculine. Her lover was greeted with an impudent amazonian stare, a smack of the whip, a slap on the back, and a loud and unexpected accent that made the hearer start again. Upon discovering the infidelity of this gentle lady, Fleetwood, being in Paris, followed the example of the Parisians, but not without experiencing certain twinges of pain, and revolutions of astonishment, to which these good people, on such occasions, are usually strangers. In a word, he took another mistress. The countess de B. had every gentle amiability under heaven, and only one fault, which might be expressed in one very coarse word.

Upon the discovery of this frailty, our hero's patience forsook him; and he raved, fumed, and agonized, till ours likewise was on the verge of departure. In this paroxysm, his taste for the mountain and the desert returned upon him like a frenzy; and as there were none nearer than the Alps, to the Alps he flies incontinently on the wings of despair. He repairs to the mansion of a venerable old Swiss gentleman, a friend of his father, delightfully situated in the valley of Ursereen, in a wood of tall and venerable trees; a very extraordinary and fortunate circumstance for the possessor, as we will venture to say that it is the only wood that ever grew in that celebrated valley, which is the highest inhabited ground in the Alps. The host of Fleetwood carries him to a pleasure party on the lake of Uri, and chuses that time and place to acquaint him, that while he was living jollily at Paris, his father had taken the opportunity of dying quietly in Merionethshire. The effect of this intelligence upon Fleetwood is inexpressibly striking. He ate no breakfast next morning; and it was not till the arrival of dinner that "hunger at length subdued the obstinacy of his grief." Ruffigny, his host, now joins him; and, after a reasonable allowance of sympathy and consolation, entertains him with the history of his connection with his father.

Ruffigny, left in infancy to the guardianship of a wicked uncle who thirsted after his inheritance, had been trepanned to Lyons, and bound apprentice to a silk-weaver, or rather employed in the more laborious part of his drudgery. His feelings, on being gradually subjected to this monotonous and degrading labour, are very well described, as also the enthusiastic resolution which he forms, of throwing himself at the feet of the king of France, whom the boy had pictured to himself like the Henry and the Francis, the heroes of the legendary tales of his country. His escape, his journey, his disappointment, have all the same style of merit; and it is in such painting, where the subject is actuated by some wild, uncommon, or unnatural strain of passion and feeling, that Mr. Godwin's peculiar talent shines out. At Paris, the deserted Ruffigny is patronized by Fleetwood, the grandfather of our hero; and his future connection with that family is marked with reciprocal acts of that romantic generosity, which is so common in novels, and so very rare in real life.

Ruffigny accompanies Fleetwood on his return to England, where he finds in his paternal dwelling "an empty mansion, and a tenanted grave." Notwithstanding his grief for his father's death, he is on the point of forming a connection with a bewitching Mrs. Cormorin (*quære* Cormorant?) who had lately cohabited with lord Mandeville, but, having quarrelled with her admirer, had a heart and person vacant for the first suitable offer. This naughty affair is interrupted by the precipitate retreat of Ruffigny, who, not chusing to be present where such matters were going forward, was in

full march towards Switzerland, when he is recalled, by Fleetwood's consent to sacrifice his young mistress to his old friend. After this period, Fleetwood, like king Solomon of yore, tries the various resources of travelling, society, literature, politics, and farming, and, with him, pronounces them all vanity and vexation of spirit. In this vain pursuit he becomes a confirmed old bachelor; and the interest of the story, contrary to that of every other novel, commences when he exchanges this unprofitable state for that of matrimony.

This grand step he is induced to take by the disinterested arguments of Mr. Macneil, a shrewd Scotsman, whom he meets on the lakes of Cumberland, and who, at that very moment, had four unmarried daughters upon his hands. The accomplishments of these damsels was rather overshadowed by some peculiarities in the history of their mother. This lady, when very young, had, while in Italy, married her music-master, who gave her no small reason to repent her choice. Macneil delivered her from the tyranny of this ungrateful musician, who had immured her in a ruinous castle, his hereditary mansion! That she gave her deliverer her heart was natural enough, but she also bestowed upon him her hand, to which the deserted minstrel had an unalienable claim. The ladies on the lakes of Cumberland, judging that two husbands was an unreasonable allowance, declined intercourse with the fair monopolist. Macneil was therefore about to return to Italy, where he had vested his whole fortune in the hands of a banker of Genoa; but, upon the fervent suit of Fleetwood, he agreed that his youngest daughter Mary should remain in England. He himself, with his wife and three eldest daughters, proceed on their voyage, leaving Mary a visitor in a family at London. The vessel in which the Macneils had embarked is wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and all that unfortunate family perish in the waves. This disastrous intelligence is nearly a death-blow to poor Mary, the sole survivor, and to whom her mother and sisters had hitherto been all in all. The Genoese banker, finding that no vouchers of his being the depositary of Macneil's fortune had escaped from the wreck, refuses to give any account of it; and our interest in Mary's distress and desolation is unnecessarily interrupted by a minute detail of the steps by which Fleetwood in vain attempted to bring a banker to confess the receipt of a sum which could not otherwise be proved against him. It is even hinted, as a reason for which he pressed his marriage with the deserted orphan, that he at length became afraid that, since the question rested on a trial of character betwixt him and the Genoese, he might himself be suspected of having embezzled her fortune.—This is one of the instances of coarseness and bad taste with which Godwin sometimes degrades his characters. In Caleb Williams, a gentleman, passionately addicted to the manners of ancient chivalry, becomes a midnight assassin, when an honourable revenge was in his power; and in Fleetwood, a man of feeling, in soliciting a union pressed upon him by love, by honour, and by every feeling of humanity, is influenced by a motive of remote and despicable calculation, which we will venture to say never entered the head of an honest man in similar circumstances.

Fleetwood and Mary are at length married; and from this marriage commences any interest which we take in the history of the former. Indeed it can hardly be called a history, which has neither incident nor novelty of remark to recommend it, consisting entirely of idle and inflated declamations upon the most common occurrences of human life. The union of Mary and Fleetwood, considering the youth and variable spirits of the former, and the age and confirmed prejudices of the latter, promises a more interesting subject of speculation. Upon their arrival

in Wales the reader is soon made sensible that a man of feeling is the most selfish animal in the universe. Upon visiting the family mansion in Merionethshire, the lady gives the first cause of disgust, by rather hastily appropriating to her own purposes a closet which had been the favourite retirement of her husband. Without having the force of mind to tell Mary that this unlucky *boudoir* was consecrated to his own studies, Fleetwood nourishes a kind of secret malice against his wife for her unlucky selection of this retreat, hallowed as it had been to his own exclusive use. This is hardly over when a new offence is given. While our hero is reading to his young bride his favourite play, "A Wife for a Month" (in fact he did not retain his own for many more), Mary, either from natural levity, or because the ardent declamations of the amorous Valerio excited comparisons unfavourable to Fleetwood, chuses to desert the rehearsal in order to botanize with a young peasant on the cliffs of Cader Idris. Now there is nothing unnatural in this incident, and we believe domestic felicity is frequently interrupted by such differences of taste and neglect of the feelings of each other. But we doubt whether our readers will not think the tragic declamations of Fleetwood infinitely too high-toned for the nature of his misfortunes. It is not very pleasant to lose possession of a favourite closet, and it is teasing enough to be deserted while reciting a favourite author; but surely the *sesquipedalia verba* of Fleetwood attach to these grievances a degree of consequence in which none can sympathise, and which to most will be the subject of ridicule. Another cause of dispute, of a still more important, as well as of a more common kind, arises betwixt Fleetwood and Mary. This concerns the share to be taken in the visits and public society of the country in which they lived.—Mary's fondness for these amusements excites the displeasure, and at length the jealousy of her husband; and he expresses both, with very great indulgence to his own feelings, and with very little to those of his lady. In these circumstances her health began to give way, under the perpetual irritation occasioned by the deportment of her moody partner; and her mind settled in mournful recollection upon the contemplation of the loss she had sustained by the shipwreck of her sisters and parents.

Mary is removed to Bath, where she recovers from her depression of spirits, to fall into the opposite extreme of giddy and unceasing hilarity. At this time, Fleetwood is joined by two cousins, both under his patronage, and who come to reside in his family. They are half brothers. Kenrick is an open, candid, thoughtless young soldier; Gifford a deep hypocritical villain. These two brothers, like the black and white genius in Voltaire's tale, attend Fleetwood through the rest of the book, and are the causes of the good and bad fortune which befal him. Gifford contrives to insinuate into the mind of his patron a suspicion of the virtue of Mary, which is strengthened by her being in reality the confidante of Kenrick, to whom he artfully represents her as unlawfully attached. This plot, in itself rather threadbare, is not, in the present instance, managed with uncommon felicity. The circumstances which excite the suspicions, and finally the furious rage of Fleetwood, are such as usually occur in such cases; but when he drives his pregnant spouse out of his house, he carries his jealous resentment to a most disgusting excess. We can pardon the vehemence of Othello, who kills his wife outright; but, in exposing a destitute orphan to all the miseries of poverty and beggary, we humbly think Fleetwood merits any title better than that of a man of feeling. At the same time that he has been guilty of this outrage, he continues distractedly fond of his wife, as will plainly appear from the scene enacted upon the continent, whither he had retired from the

scene of his supposed disgrace and actual misery.

Gifford, whom Fleetwood had constituted his heir, becomes impatient to enter upon possession; and, finding his patron's constitution proof against mental distress, he attempts, with the assistance of two ruffians, to murder him in the forest of Fontainbleau. As *all* Fleetwood's servants were in Gifford's pay, they saw this transaction take place without interference; a circumstance which struck their master so forcibly, that, while the ruffians were dragging him into the wood, he was considering whether it be one of the effects of wealth, that with it we engage persons in our service to murder us. The solution of this problem, as well as the consummation of Gifford's crime, is interrupted by the arrival of some horsemen, who rescue Fleetwood, and make the assailants prisoners. That Kenrick was his preserver will be readily anticipated by all who are acquainted with the good old beaten track of novels on these occasions; and, to do Mr. Godwin justice, he has seldom taken a bye-path from one end of this performance to the other. Gifford is consigned to the gallows, which he had merited; the clouds of jealousy, which had obscured the mind of Fleetwood, are gradually dispelled; every suspicious circumstance is accounted for; and after some hesitation on the part of Mary, she is again united to the man of feeling.

The incidents during the two first volumes are chiefly those of the common life of a man of fashion; and all that is remarkable in the tale is the laboured extravagance of sentiment which is attached to these ordinary occurrences. There is no attempt to describe the minuter and finer shades of feeling; none of that high finishing of description, by which the most ordinary incidents are rendered interesting: on the contrary, the effect is always sought to be brought out by the application of the inflated language of high passion. It is no doubt true, that a man of sensibility will be deeply affected by what appears trifling to the rest of mankind; a scene of distress or of pleasure will make a deeper impression upon him than upon another; and it is precisely in this respect that he differs from the rest of mankind. But a man who is transported with rage, with despair, with anger, and all the furious impulses of passion, upon the most common occurrences of life, is not a man of sentiment, but a madman; and, far from sympathising with his feelings, we are only surprised at his having the liberty of indulging them beyond the precincts of Bedlam.

In the third volume, something of a regular story commences, and the attention of the reader becomes fixed by the narrative. But the unnatural atrocity of Gifford, and the inadequate means by which he is so nearly successful, render this part of the tale rather improbable. The credulity of Fleetwood is unnecessarily excessive, and might have been avoided by a more artful management of incident.

Fleetwood, through the whole story, feels absolutely and exclusively for one individual, and that individual is Fleetwood himself. Indeed he is at great pains, in various places, to tell us that he had been uncontrouled in his youth, was little accustomed to contradiction, and could not brook any thing which interfered either with his established habits, or the dispositions of the moment. Accordingly his despair for the loss of his two French mistresses is the despair of a man who loses something which he thinks necessary to his happiness, and in a way not very soothing to his feelings: but he can no more be properly said to be in love with either of these fair ladies, than a hungry man, according to Fielding's comparison, can be said to be in love with a shoulder of Welsh mutton. In like manner, his pursuit after happiness, through various scenes, is uniformly directed by the narrow principle of self-gratification; there is no aspira-

tion towards promoting the public advantage, or the happiness of individuals; Mr. Fleetwood moves calmly forward in quest of what may make Mr. Fleetwood happy; and, like all other egotists of this class, he providentially misses his aim. But it is chiefly in the wedded state that his irritable and selfish habits are most completely depicted.—With every tie, moral and divine, which can bind a man to the object of his choice, or which could withhold him from acts of unkindness or cruelty, he commences and carries on a regular system for subjecting all her pleasures to the controul of his own, and every attempt on her part to free herself from this constraint, produces such scenes of furious tyranny, as at the beginning nearly urge her to distraction, and finally drive her an oucast from society. In short, the new man of feeling, in his calm moments a determined egotist, is, in his state of irritation, a frantic madman, who plays on a barrel-organ at a puppet-show, till he and the wooden dramatis personæ are all possessed by the foul fiend Hibbertigibbet, who presides over *mopping* and *mowing*. The reader is painfully left with the painful reflection, that Mary is once more subjected to his tyranny; and our only hope is, that a certain Mr. Scarborough, a very peremptory and overbearing person, who assists at the denouement, may, in case of need, be a good hand at putting on a strait waistcoat.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## FOREIGN NEWS, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

MR. ARTHUR YOUNG intends in future to publish his valuable agricultural journal, the Annals of Agriculture, quarterly instead of monthly. The numbers will appear on the first days of June, September, December, and March, of every year, making one volume annually of original agricultural information, which must be invaluable to every practical farmer and man of landed property in the British empire. The monthly publications of this work already extend to forty-three volumes; and the whole forms a complete library of agricultural knowledge.

A new edition of the Poems of Ossian, containing the poetical works of James Macpherson, Esq., in prose and verse, with notes and illustrations by Malcolm Laing, Esq., in two volumes, octavo, printed by Ballantyne, of Edinburgh, is nearly ready for publication.

The Poems of Ossian are to be further illustrated by the publication of the report of the Highland Society of Scotland, respecting the authenticity of these poems, drawn up by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. This work will form one volume, octavo, with *fac-similes* of ancient Gaelic MSS.

An Account of the Life and Writings of James Beattie, LL. D., professor of moral philosophy and logic in the Marischal College and University of Aberdeen, by sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, bart., one of the executors to Dr. Beattie, including many of his original letters, is in a considerable state of forwardness. It will be embellished with an engraving, from a portrait of Dr. Beattie by sir Joshua Reynolds.

Mr. E. H. Seymour is preparing for the press, Remarks on Shakespeare, in which it is intended to exhibit various readings from the early quartos, which appear preferable to those adopted by the last editor, to introduce order into the arrangement, to note grammatical anomalies of every kind, and to attempt an exposition of passages occult or dubious. This work is expected to form two octavo volumes, and they are to be enriched with observations selected from the MS. of the late lord Chedworth.

Mr. Hayley has in the press an

elegant volume of original ballads, founded chiefly on anecdotes relating to animals.

A curious small volume will soon be published, printed from a MS. written by the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, and containing an account of his early years, and first recollections in infancy. It is the fragment of a larger work, and was preserved from the flames by Barber, the doctor's black servant. The original has lately been deposited in the museum of Mr. Wright, of Lichfield.

Mr. Young, surgeon, of North Audley-street, will soon publish an important work on the subject of cancer, intitled, *Sanaschirrologia;* containing an analytical enquiry into the nature and action of schirrus, in order to establish a regular mode of curing that disease in its various stages, by means of natural separation.

A collection of original anecdotes of Frederick the great, his family, his court, his ministers, his academies, and his literary friends, the result of twenty years familiar intercourse with that prince, from the pen of M. Thiebalt, will be shortly published in English. The plan of the work will be similar to Boswell's admirable Life of Johnson.

The talents of that ingenious sporting-engraver, Mr. John Scott, are now busily exercised in the execution of two splendid subjects on hunting; namely, the Fox breaking cover, and the Death of the Fox. The same distinguished artist is likewise retained upon a continuation of the Sportsman's Cabinet, under the title of Delineation of Animals of the Chace, from paintings by P. Reinagle, A. R. A.

The Royal Society have adjudged count Rumford's medal for discoveries respecting heat to Mr. John Leslie, author of an Inquiry into the Nature and Propagation of Heat.

A machine has been constructed for expeditiously stripping and plucking the fur from skins, an operation hitherto performed by manual labour.

Two inventions have been announced to the manufacturing world, of machinery for spinning, doubling, &c., threads of various materials.

In answer to some very judicious inquiries made by Dr George Pearson respecting peat, to J. W. Williaume, of Tingrith, in Bedfordshire, we learn: 1. That it is used by cottagers as fuel, who burn it on a brick hearth, but that it has been rejected from the parlour, kitchen, brewhouse, &c., as injurious to grates; that it cannot be used in roasting meat, on account of the effluvia that it emits; and that it is destructive of all sorts of furniture, from the same cause. 2. The ashes have been long used as a manure, at the rate of fifty bushels spread or sown either on grass or arable land. 3. They are laid on sandy, gravelly, and chalky soils; most commonly for grasses, but highly esteemed as a manure for oats or barley. 4. The vegetating effect is surprising; it will double or treble a crop of any new-sown grass; it destroys moss, and produces white and Dutch clover in its stead. Near the fire heaps, as far as the wind carries the lighter part of the ashes, the production of clover is sure to be abundant. 5. It is not mixed with lime, or any other substance.

The Society for the Encouragement of Arts have lately voted their gold medal to Dr. Howison for his preparation of tan made in the East Indies from the bark of the mangrove-tree.

The same body has voted the gold medal to George Smart, for his admirable apparatus for sweeping chimnies. This gentleman's invention is found to be not only the most perfect and complete that has been exhibited, but is the only one that has any pretensions to practical utility. After sweeping many thousand chimnies without the use of climbing-boys, he avers, that, notwithstanding the almost infinitely varied forms of chimnies, he has not found more than about one or two in a hundred that he cannot accomplish with his machine. Mr. Smart has

also received a premium of twenty-five guineas from another society for the same invention.

M. Von Klein, privy counsellor at Manheim, for the purpose of continuing his Biography of Illustrious Germans, has offered a prize of thirty ducats for the best life of Luther, which is to be adjudged by the Electoral Society of Manheim, to whom the prize-essays must be sent before the end of November, 1805.

The king of Prussia has lately issued regulations for the education of the children of his soldiers. The manner in which the Prussian army is regulated enables the soldiers to marry, and to bring up a family, more than any other military service in Europe.

Von Gobhard, of Inspruck, procured a chamois-hunter to ascend the Ortler Spilze, which lies between the territories of Saln and Drassui, in the Vintschau. This summit, which is the heart of the Glaciers, had never hitherto been ascended. By the barometer it is found to be 14,466 Parisian feet above the level of the Mediterranean sea. Next to Montblanc, which, according to Saussure, is 14,556 feet above the sea, it is the highest mountain in the old world, as the Gross Glockner, which is reckoned the highest mountain of the Tyrol, is, according to Von Moll, only 12,976 feet high.

Baron Von Doornick has discovered a substance composed of an absorbent earth, and some other ingredients, which is more effectual in washing, &c., than soap.

M. Humboldt, the celebrated traveller, is in Paris, engaged in scientific pursuits. He is soon to proceed to Italy, where he means to undertake a series of experiments on the chemical analysis of air, the electricity of volcanoes, and the intensity of the magnetical fluid. These experiments are necessary, in order to form a comparison with those which he made on the Andes.

M. Boupland, who travelled in the Andes with Humboldt, is at Paris, preparing for the press a work on the equinoctial plants.

Kotzebue has been arrested in Italy, it is supposed by the order of Bonaparte, in consequence of the freedom of his remarks upon the present state of France.

The booksellers of Frankfort have been obliged to appear before an extraordinary committee of the magistracy of that city, to take an oath not to print or sell any work contrary to religion, or which may be aimed against a foreign power or its government.

C. Giboin has discovered that silk-worms may be supported by collecting the autumnal foliage of the mulberry-tree, drying it artificially, and restoring it to its former freshness by immerging it in hot water.

The emperor of Russia has ordered, that at all the universities, and other public schools, meteorological observations shall be regularly made, and the results made public.

The sums allotted by the Russian government for defraying the expences of the academies, universities, &c., amounted, in 1804, to 2,149,213 rubles; besides the gift of 66,910 rubles towards erecting the new university at Charkow. Considerable donations and subscriptions likewise continue to be received from patriotic individuals, in various parts of the empire, towards the endowment of schools, and other institutions, for the diffusion of knowledge amongst every class of the nation.

M. Hagemann, a learned Sanscrit scholar, has discovered, in the national library at Paris, MSS. of the first and fourth Veda, which Volney supposed to be eight hundred years old. When the pope visited the national library, on the 14th of January last, the early specimens of printing, and many of the most curious MSS. were shown to him; amongst others, the Chinese inscription, according to which christianity was introduced into China in the seventh century; the poem written

by the late emperor of China; the Latin Bible of Charles the bald, with illuminations, the only remaining specimen of the ancient purple colour; the prayer book of Anne of Bretagne, each page of which contains the coloured figure of a plant, with its appropriate insects; the richly-ornamented prayer-book of Louis XIV; and the original MS. of Telemachus.

M. Millin, the celebrated archeologist, in his late tour through the southern provinces of France, has collected two hundred inedited remains of antiquity, and above one thousand Roman inscriptions, many of which are very interesting.

An Icelandic Dictionary, composed by Biorn Halderson, a lately-deceased Icelandic clergyman, will shortly be published at the expence of the Danish government. We may likewise soon expect a critical grammar of the Icelandic language from M. Arent, a native of Altona, who was sent by the Danish government to the northern parts of the Danish dominions, for the purpose of collecting plants for a *Flora Danica*, and who, during his travels, studied the Icelandic language, and collected many curious Runic inscriptions.

Six of the most eminent physicians in France, Chaussier, Leclerc, Bailly, Husson, Nysten, and Hamel, have been sent to Spain to enquire into the nature of the epidemical disease which has raged with such violence in that country, and to endeavour to find out the most effectual remedy for preservatives against it. The king of Prussia has likewise sent thither, for the same purpose, professor Reich, of Erlangen; and, in case of the professor's death, will settle a pension of six hundred rixdollars per annum on his widow.

The merchants of Moscow have founded, in that city, a commercial school, the expences of which will amount to fifteen thousand rubles.

Bonaparte has founded a professorship of the modern Greek language in the *College de France*, at Paris. The celebrated L'Ansse de Villoisin has been appointed professor.

The Icelandic moss, which had lately been discovered in Spain, has likewise been found in the district of Concossola, in the Italian republic.

Above six thousand five hundred rixdollars have been subscribed towards the erecting a monument to Luther at the place of his nativity.

The Academical Society of Sciences at Paris, in their meeting of the 25th of November last, offered a prize of three hundred francs for the best answer to the following question: "What influence would it have on the political and commercial interests of the European states, if the power of the English at sea were reduced to the standard of that of the other maritime nations?"

At a meeting of the Erfurt Society for the Promotion of Useful Science, on the 2d of January, M. Buchholz, a learned apothecary, gave an account of a process which he had discovered, whereby quicksilver might be with greater facility brought to a state of congelation. The society promise to publish, in their Memoirs, the result of Dr. Spilz's examination of some apples, from trees raised from seed, which had been sent to the society by M. Hommeyer.

Mr. Turnbull is preparing to publish an account of his voyages in the Pacific ocean, and of his residence in the islands of Owhyhee and Otaheite, in the years 1803 and 1804. His work will contain the latest accounts of those interesting islands, and many particulars relative to the present state of the settlement of Botany Bay, which have not yet been given to the public. Mr. Turnbull brought from Otaheite a youth, who lived with him as a servant, and who is now in London.

M. Wohler has recently published, at Moscow, sixteen views of that city, in folio. The execution of these engravings places them on an equality with any undertaking of a

similar nature. The subscription is 1000 rubles.

Mr. Cumberland is about to publish an account of his own life and writings, interspersed with anecdotes and characters of the most distinguished persons of his time, in one volume, quarto, with portraits.

Some improvements have been lately announced in the construction of the air-pump, which simplify its mechanism, and increase its power of exhausting. Glass cylinders are used instead of brass ones, and the pistons are of tin, so well fitted as to be air tight, without the intervention of leather: by this means the friction and labour in working are considerably diminished; the valves, which open by the mechanical power of the piston, instead of the expansion of the air, are placed at the top of the cylinders; and the tube, which in ordinary air-pumps leads from the cylinders to the receiver, is, in consequence, rendered unnecessary.

Dr. Hager, distinguished in the literary world as the author of various works of profound and extensive erudition, and who has the honour to be now employed by the French government to publish a Dictionary of the Chinese Language, has, at length, arranged the 17,000 types which were cast by M. Fourmont, and is now ready to begin the printing of the Dictionary. Dr. Hager's Keys to the Chinese Language were published in London.

A work has recently been published at Gotha, entitled, Felloplastik, or the Art of representing Architectural Subjects in Cork, with three plates. The inventor of this art, though only of thirty years standing, is unknown. The work is anonymous, but the author informs us, that M. May, who, about sixteen years since, made the tour of Italy, conceived a violent passion for this art, which he brought to a high degree of perfection. This gentleman has executed thirty-nine models of this kind, among which are several monuments of Gothic antiquity; particularly the ruins of an abbey at Paulenzell, near Schwarzburg.

M. Brotere, professor of botany at the University of Coimbra, and member of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Lisbon, has published a Flora Lusitanica, in two volumes, octavo. This work is the fruit of his travels and collections, for seventeen years, in every part of that kingdom.

Flaxman's engravings of subjects from Homer are well known. A young artist, named Karstens, who lately died at Rome, had prepared, in a similar manner, a series of drawings, representing the whole expedition of the Argonauts, which, since his death, have been engraved by M. Koch, a native of Tyrol. The latter has likewise entered upon the new career opened by his predecessors, and has completed a collection of prints to the celebrated poem of Dante. He has, with great industry, collected all the portraits that are still extant of historical characters mentioned by Dante, and has examined all the ancient commentaries, to elucidate the most obscure passages of that poet. Furnished with all these aids, he has given his performance such a degree of perfection, that the spectator actually imagines himself traversing, with Dante and Virgil, the three regions of the future world.

A series of sixty engravings, from Ossian, from designs by the Piranesi, is now in preparation at Rome.

The American Company of Petersburg has made a collection of upwards of 1000 volumes in the French and Russian languages, as the commencement of a library intended to be formed in the island of Kadjak, on the north-west coast of America, the principal establishment of the company.

M. Zoega, who is at present engaged on the Coptic manuscripts of the late cardinal Borgia, proposes, after he has finished those labours, to publish a topography of ancient Rome. He has profoundly studied the subject, and had actually commenced the work a long time since,

but afterwards laid it aside. The residence at Rome of the hereditary prince of Mecklenburg Strelitz, whom he accompanied, and who was extremely desirous to see even the smallest vestiges of antiquity, induced him to resume the design.

M. Rossi, known by his critical observations on Diogenes Laertius, and who, in particular, possesses a profound knowledge of the oriental languages, has completed a very extensive work on the affinity of those languages with each other; but such is the state of literature in Italy, that the learned world will probably derive no benefit from his researches, because the author is destitute of the means of publication.

Inspectors, called *euphortatores*, have been appointed in all the catholic colleges of Hungary and Austria. Their duty is to take care that the principles of religion are profoundly inculcated on the minds of youth. Every kind of criticism on religious works is strictly prohibited. At Vienna, the lectures on logic, metaphysics, and natural philosophy are held only in Latin. No individual can engage a private tutor for his children without the permission of the university, and those who disobey this decree run the risk of incapacitating their children for any public function or employment.

A circulating library has been established by a Lutheran divine, at the small town of Corsoer, in Denmark, for the benefit of travellers who may chance to be detained in that place by contrary winds. This place is extremely well chosen for such an establishment, being situated on the way from Copenhagen to Hamburgh, on the Great Belt, which is frequently rendered impassable by the violence of the westerly winds.

M. Langles, a member of the National Institute, has lately published a learned dissertation on the discovery of the essence of roses. He ascribes it to a feast given by the beautiful and famous Nurjehan, in the year 1021 of the hegira, which corresponds with the year 1612 of the christian æra, to her husband Jehangur, the great mogul. That voluptuous princess carried her luxury to such a pitch, as to conduct a small canal, filled with rose-water, through her gardens. A kind of scum was observed to float on its surface, and was taken up with cotton. This was that precious perfume which the natives of the east have since continued to make by the same process; that is, by exposing vessels filled with rose-water to the rays of the sun. The finest and most aromatic roses are those of Cachemir.

M. Bralle, of Amiens, has discovered a new process for steeping hemp, the utility of which has been confirmed by numerous experiments made by celebrated men. It consists in heating water, in a vessel or vat, to the temperature of from 72 to 75 degrees of Reaumur; dissolve in it a quantity of green soap, in the same proportion to the hemp as 1 to 48. The water employed for this purpose should be about forty times the weight of the hemp.—Throw the latter into the water so as to float on the surface, cover the vessel, and extinguish the fire. Let the hemp remain in this situation two hours, when it will be found sufficiently steeped. The advantages derived from this method are various. Independent of the saving of time and expence, the same quantity of hemp yields more tow. The new method likewise tends to encourage the culture of hemp, by facilitating its preparation even to those who do not live in the neighbourhood of a river, stream, or pond; and it obviates the ill consequences that might result either from the infection of the air or the corruption of the waters, which sometimes destroys all the fish they contain, and must, of course, prove highly injurious to the cattle that chance to drink of them.

M. de Knobelsdorf, ambassador from the king of Prussia to the Ottoman Porte, has presented to the Royal Academy of Berlin twelve volumes of Persian manuscripts, which he collected in the east.

Among these are the History of the East, by Mirkond, in seven volumes; a History of the Family of Sefi to Shah Abbas; and a History of Shah Nadir.

Gothe has announced a work, entitled "Winkelmann and the Arts in the Eighteenth Century," the publication of which is eagerly expected by all the amateurs of the arts.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Petersburgh proposes, for the competition of the year 1806, a prize of 500 rubles for the memoir which shall present the most instructive series of new experiments on light considered as matter; on the properties that ought to be attributed to it; on the affinities which it appears to have with other bodies, whether organized or not; and on the modifications and phenomena which appear in those substances, in consequence of the combinations which the light forms with them. The competition is open to individuals of every nation, and memoirs will be received till May 1, 1806.

The Batavian Society for General Utility has proposed the following subjects for prizes: a plain description of the uses which man actually makes of the different productions of the three kingdoms of nature, and of those to which they might be applied; and a natural history, for the use of the lower classes of the people, to contribute to eradicate superstition and prejudices.

The inquisition of Spain, in its edict for the year 1804, published a list of books forbidden in that kingdom, either entirely or in part. The number of articles amounts to 102; and among them are Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, which is condemned because the doctrines contained in it are destructive of true ideas of good and moral evil; and Pope's works, which are branded as obscene, erroneous, heretical, and blasphemous against the pope.

A society has been formed at Florence, the object of whose labours is the history of its country. It has already published a small volume, containing an essay on the origin and civilization of the first inhabitants of Italy, and a treatise on the most certain epochs in the history of Florence till the year 1292. In the succeeding volumes will be given lives of celebrated natives of Tuscany, recently deceased.

Adam Fabroni, keeper of the royal gallery at Florence, is engaged in a continuation of the Museum Florentinum. He is known as an antiquary by several dissertations, particularly those on the Byssus of the ancients, on an antique Venus, and a statue in the Museum of the Capitol. He is likewise the author of several works on rural economy.

Italian translations of all the best German prose writers are in preparation at Florence. This collection is printed at Forli, and has been commenced with Zimmerman's two works on Solitude and National Pride.

A complete edition of the works of the celebrated Herder is expected shortly to appear. The superintendance of the publication has been undertaken by some of the most distinguished literary characters of Germany. All that relates to the *belles-lettres* is confided to the care of Wieland, and the archæological papers to Heyne; Muller, the historian of Switzerland, superintends the historical part, and the theological works will be edited by J. G. Muller. In this edition, all that relates to literary disputes now forgotten will be suppressed. A selection from the author's letters, and a history of his life, will be annexed. Among the unpublished works, which will enhance the value of this edition, are an Essay on the Cid; a learned Dissertation on Persepolis; an almost complete translation of the Odes of Horace and the Satires of Perseus; various pieces from Pindar, and the Latin, Greek, and oriental poets; some sermons; and a collection of thoughts. The whole will compose about fifty volumes.

De Lalande has presented his *Connoissance du Tems de l'An* 15 to Bonaparte: it will be published by the Bureau of Longitude. This work contains a valuable collection of memoirs, observations, and tables, by Messrs. Laplace, Delambre, Vidal, Burckhardt, &c.; the life of the astronomer Bernier; and the history of astronomy for 1804, by De Lalande: to serve as a continuation to his *Bibliographie Astronomique.*

Gesner, the celebrated German pastoral poet, has left in the possession of his family a collection of landscapes, and views from rural life, all by his own hand. Of these it is intended to publish engravings by Kolbe a native of Berlin, who has already distinguished himself as an engraver of landscapes.

The government of the United Provinces of Holland, in the year 1801, appointed professor Siegenbeck, of Leyden, and M. Wieland, a clergyman of Rotterdam, to form a complete and well-arranged grammar of the Dutch tongue. This grammar is now finished, and it is ordered to be taught in all schools; and it is determined that the orthography fixed by these gentlemen shall be used in all the public offices.

The magistracy of Augsburg have confiscated the whole edition of 1500 copies of professor Gomer's work on the Political Laws of Germany, and have, in their zeal, fined the publisher. Such is the liberty of the press at Augsburg!

M. de Lalande writes that M. Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer of Palermo, has found on the fixed stars a change of one, two, and three seconds, on account of the situation of the earth in its orbit. This effect of the annual parallax, concerning which there have been disputes for more than a century, is a very interesting fact in astronomy, and we shall take the earliest opportunity of presenting our readers with a full account of the discovery.

A society has been established at Berlin, for the purpose of sending out missionaries to Africa, to disseminate among the negroes the truths of christianity, the knowledge of European arts, and the seeds of civilization. Two missionaries have been already sent to the coast of Guinea.

The following facts respecting the population of the Russian empire are deserving of notice. In 1803, the number of marriages was 300,470; that of the births 1,270,341; that of the deaths 791,973; so that the number of births exceeded that of the deaths 418,368; the population, therefore, increased in a single year nearly half a million. Among the deaths are reckoned 1145 between 95 and 100; 158 between 100 and 105; 90 between 105 and 110; 34 between 110 and 115: 36 between 115 and 120; 15 between 120 and 125; 5 between 125 and 130; and 1 between 145 and 150.

The remains of Fenelon have been discovered in a vault, which escaped injury during the storm of of the revolution. A subscription has been entered into for erecting a monument worthy of the memory of the author of Telemachus.

A geographical dictionary of the Russian empire, undertaken four years since at Moscow, by Witch, and other learned geographers, has been resumed, and we expect from it a variety of curious details and descriptions, and complete maps of every part of that vast empire.

A young officer in the French marine has invented a draw-bridge, which is said to be superior to any of those in use in this country.

# POETRY.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

## ROSABELLE.

*A Scottish Border Ballad.*

O LISTEN! listen, ladies gay,
No haughty feats of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay!
Rest thee in castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy frith to-day.

"The blackening wave is edged with white;
To isle and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the water-sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud rolled round ladye gay;
Then stay thee, fair, in Ravensheuch:
Why cross the gloomy frith to-day?"

"'Tis not because lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire light,
And brighter than the bright moon-beam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It reddened all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthorn-den.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Both vaulted crypt and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead-men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair;
So still they blaze when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold;
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each St. Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the kelpy rung, and the mermaid sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## REASON, IF NOT RHYME.

DAME Prudence whispers, marry not
Till you have pence enough to pay
For table, chair, and one poor cot,
And leave a mite for quarter-day.

Beside chair, table, and a bed,
Those want who cannot live on air;
Two plates, and basket for their bread,
And knives and forks, at least two pair.

When winter rattles in the sky,
Drear is the bed that wants a rug,
And hapless he whose purse is dry
When doctor calls for drench and drug.

These eyes shall ne'er behold thee, Bess,
And that sweet babe that calls me *dad*,
Reduced to scanty fare, or less
Than snugly housed and warmly clad.

So, Bess, we'll e'en put off the day
When parson Green shall tie us fast;
Who knows but luck, so long away,
May come and bide with us at last?

Hope shall be ours the tedious while,
We'll mingle hearts, our lips shall join;
I'll only claim thy sweetest smile,
Only thy sweetest tress be mine.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE FAREWEL.

NO longer mourn for me when I am dead;
When you shall hear the grave-consigning bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this gay light, in endless dark to dwell,
No moans of thine be heard, no tears be shed.

Nay, never read this verse; remember not
The hand that wrote it: for I love you so,
That with my life thy love too I forego:
Much rather I by thee would be forgot,
If thought of me, when gone, would give thee woe.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE LASTING BEAUTY.

SWEET pictures of youth and of spring,
Ye flow'rs of the meadow so gay,
What pity the beauties I sing,
So fleeting! so soon should decay.

The green tufted bank, in the morn
(Its fragrance diffusing around),
Did a sweet humble vi'let adorn:
In the evening it could not be found.

"In the morn," said a nymph to the rose,
"I will pluck thee, gay flow'ret, at noon:"
She comes; but no longer it glows:
It faded and faded so soon.

There's a flower that never can fade,
Immortal its hues and its sweets:
How happy, who finds it, the maid!
But it blooms not in these green retreats.

It is not the vi'let or rose,
Nor doth it the gardens adorn;
'Tis alone in the heart that it grows,
And permanent ever its morn.

Would you ever your beauties retain,
And rule in our bosoms, sweet maid?
This flower then tend not in vain:
It never, ah! never, will fade.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### SONNET UPON A SONNET.

TOO cruel maid, who ordered me to write
What mortals call a sonnet; I despair
That fourteen lines my Muse will e'er indite:
However, four are made, and here they are.

At first most grievously I rack'd my brain,
But making verses teaches one the trade:
Courage! I see my labour's not in vain,
For lo! my fair, the second stanza made.

Once more, ye Muses, condescend to rhyme!
Nor have I prayed in vain, the Muses smile
Upon their slave, and in a little time
I shall complete this more than mortal toil;

For thirteen lines are done, my life upon it!
Now count, you'll find fourteen, and there's a sonnet.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### A CHEERFUL OLD AGE.

YOU are old, father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, fa'her William replied,
Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

TO A LADY SINGING.

SEE! see! those ruby gates divide,
An ivory shrine appears:
There love and harmony reside
To ravish mortal ears.

The Deities from that recess
Breathe their celestial lays,
The wond'rous sounds my thoughts possess
With rapture and amaze.

Still pressing on with strong controul,
I feel the lavish strain,
Till, drunk with bliss, my wilder'd soul
Reels on the brink of pain.

Ah! how could I so rashly dare
Contend with powers divine?
The pride of victory forbear,
My heart is wholly thine.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

ELEGY.

THE sweet delights of happier days
New anguish in my bosom raise;
Of shining day the purest light
To me is drear and gloomy night;
Nor is there aught so good and fair,
As now to claim my slightest care.

In my full heart and streaming eyes,
Pourtrayed by woe, an image lies,
Which sable robes but faintly speak,
Or the pale languor of my cheek,
Pale as the vi'let's faded leaf,
The tint of love's despairing grief.

Perplex'd by this unwonted pain,
No place my steps can long detain,
Yet change of scene no comfort gives,
Where sorrow's form for ever lives;
My worst, my happiest state of mind
In solitude alone I find.

If chance my listless footsteps leads
Through shady groves, or flow'ry meads,
Whether at dawn of rising day,
Or silent evening's setting ray,
Each grief that absence can impart
Incessant rends my tortur'd heart.

If to the heavens, in rapturous trance,
I haply throw a wistful glance,
His visionary form I see,
Pictur'd in orient clouds; to me
Sudden it flies, and he appears
Drowned in a watery tomb of tears.

Awhile if balmy slumbers spread
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
I touch his hand in shadowy dreams,
His voice to soothe my fancy seems;
When wak'd by toil, or lull'd by rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

CONCEALMENT.

*Addressed to Miss ———.*

SILENT sorrow marks my anguish,
Written on this faded cheek;
Eyes emitting thoughts that languish;
Looks that eloquently speak.

Blushing tremor, faint expression,
Fluttering something to impart;
Language ne'er could make confession
Like the tumult in this breast.

S*****.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

A SONNET.

*From the Spanish of Cervantes.*

MOTHER, with watchful eye you strive
My freedom to restrain;
But know, unless *I guard myself*,
*Your guard* will be but vain.
It has been said, and Reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will Confinement's rigid hand
Enflame the wish to stray.

Love, once oppress'd, will soon increase,
And strength superior gain;

'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein;
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find;
Cunning, and fear, will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Though Death himself should bar my way,
His menace I'd disdain;
Then learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard will still be vain.

The raptur'd heart, which once has felt
A sense of Love's delight,
Flies like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light.
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all-controuling force
Of Love's resistless storm,
It gives to Beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form.
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread,
With hands of wool she opes the door,
On felt the footsteps tread.
Then try no more, with fruitless care,
My wishes to restrain,
For *if I do not guard myself,*
*Your guard* will be but vain.

P.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE HERMIT.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A traveller stopt at an old alehouse door:
The landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.

Does holy Thomas dwell
Still in his cell?
The traveller ask'd, or is the old man dead?
No, he has left his loving flock, and we
So good a christian never more shall see,
The landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

Ah, sir, we knew his worth.
He was, if e'er there was, a saint on earth!
Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days together, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt;
And then he only hung it in the rain,
And put it on again.

There used to be rare work
With him and the devil there in yonder cell,
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sunset till broad morn;
He with a cross, the devil with his horn;
The devil spitting fire with might and main,
Enough to make St. Michael's self afraid,
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
The smoke whereof did fill the little cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt—O Lord! how he did smell!

Then, sir, to see how he would mortify
The flesh! if any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the savoury things, and cry,
O belly, belly!
You would be gormandising now, I know,
But it shall not be so,
Home to your bread and water; home, I tell ye!

But wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?
Why, sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour, and you know

He was not greedy after fame below,
And so away by stealth one night he went.

What was this honour, then? the traveller cried.
Why, sir, the host replied,
We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us,
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would sorely grieve us,
For he'll be made a saint of, to be sure;
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might,
And so we meant to *strangle him that night.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

EXPORTS OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM OCTOBER 1, 1803, TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1804.

| KIND. | | QUANTITY OR VALUE. *Domestic.* | *Foreign.* |
|---|---|---|---|
| ASHES, pot | tons | 3,411 | |
| ———, pearl | do. | 1,138 | |
| Apples | barrels | 6,801 | |
| Beer, porter, and cyder, in casks | gallons | 75,501 | 3,271 |
| ———————, in bottles | dozens | 4,416 | 388 |
| Beef | barrels | 134,896 | |
| Biscuit, or shipbread | do. | 85,512 | |
| Do. | kegs | 50,390 | |
| Buckwheat | bushels | 2 | |
| Barley | do. | 5,318 | |
| Bran and shorts | do. | 156 | |
| Beans | do. | 36,614 | |
| Butter | pounds | 2,476,550 | |
| Boots | pairs | 6,024 | 189 |
| Bricks | M. | 1,031 | |
| Bark, essence of | gallons | 941 | |
| Corn, Indian | bushels | 1,944,873 | |
| Coal | do. | | 2,982 |
| Cheese | pounds | 1,299,872 | 78,566 |
| Chocolate | do. | 9,489 | |
| Cotton | do. | 35,034,175 | 3,083,866 |
| Coffee | do. | | 48,312,713 |
| Cocoa | do. | | 695,135 |
| Candles, spermaceti | do. | 127,269 | 373 |
| ———, tallow | do. | 2,239,356 | 26,728 |
| Cables and tarred cordage | cwt. | 4,165 | 2,556 |
| Canvas, or sail-cloth | pieces | 54 | |
| Cards, wool and cotton | dozens | 258 | 3,024 |
| ——, playing | packs | 1,008 | |
| Copper or brass, and copper manufactured | dlls. | 8,654 | 23,325 |
| Coaches and other carriages | do. | 14,755 | |
| Flour | barrels | 810,008 | |
| Fish, dried or smoked | quintals | 567,825 | |
| ——, pickled | barrels | 89,482 | |
| ——, do. | kegs | 13,045 | |
| Furniture, household | dollars | 78,585 | |

| KIND. | | QUANTITY OR VALUE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | *Domestic.* | *Foreign.* |
| Flaxseed | bushels | 281,757 | |
| Flax | pounds | 986 | |
| Gunpowder | do. | 510,520 | |
| Ginseng | do. | 301,499 | |
| Hats | dollars | 48,915 | |
| Hams and bacon | pounds | 1,904,284 | |
| Hair-powder | do. | 5,587 | |
| Hops | do. | 385,886 | |
| Hides, raw | number | 4,635 | |
| Horned cattle | do. | 6,290 | |
| Horses | do. | 5,126 | |
| Hogs | do. | 5,599 | |
| Iron, pig | tons | 454 | |
| ——, bar | do. | 379 | |
| ——, castings | dollars | 9,168 | |
| —— manufactures | do. | 40,827 | 48,664 |
| Indigo | pounds | 26,750 | 149,088 |
| Lard | do. | 2,565,719 | |
| Leather | do. | 214,299 | |
| Lead and shot | do. | 19,804 | 128,178 |
| Meal, rye | barrels | 21,779 | |
| ——-, Indian | do. | 111,327 | |
| ——-, buckwheat | do. | 48 | |
| ——-, oat | do. | 1 | |
| Molasses | gallons | | 55,259 |
| Mustard | pounds | 5,023 | |
| Mules | number | 605 | |
| Medicines | dollars | 21,664 | 133,170 |
| Merchandise not enumerated | do. | 431,315 | 8,946,490 |
| Nails | pounds | 110,780 | 141,125 |
| Oil, linseed | gallons | 19,047 | |
| —-, spermaceti | do. | 5,550 | |
| —-, whale and other fish | do. | 646,505 | |
| Oats | bushels | 73,726 | |
| Pork | barrels | 111,532 | |
| Pitch | do. | 6,225 | |
| Peas | bushels | 42,213 | |
| Potatoes | do. | 96,427 | |
| Poultry | dozens | 6,044 | |
| Rice | tierces | 78,385 | |
| Rye | bushels | 11,715 | |
| Rosin | barrels | 4,675 | |
| Spices, pepper | pounds | | 5,703,646 |
| ———, pimento | do. | | 463,539 |
| ———, all other | do. | | 115,047 |
| Spirits, foreign, from grain | gallons | | 329,594 |
| ———, ———, from other materials | do. | | 789,465 |
| ———, domestic, from foreign materials | do. | 409,521 | |
| ———, ————, from domestic produce | do. | 41,979 | |
| Shoes and slippers | pairs | 123,741 | 10,606 |
| Skins and furs | dollars | 958,609 | |
| Saddlery | do. | 7,827 | |
| Starch | pounds | 30,401 | |
| Soap | do. | 2,796,982 | 742,015 |
| Sugar, brown | do. | 818,014 | 54,085,650 |

| KIND. | | QUANTITY OR VALUE. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | | *Domestic.* | *Foreign.* |
| Sugar, clayed, | pounds | 20,060,702 | |
| ——, loaf, and other refined | do. | 106,167 | 25,868 |
| Snuff | do. | 20,068 | 610 |
| Spikes | do. | | 1,750 |
| Sheep | numbers | 12,456 | |
| Ship-stuff | cwt. | 2,466 | |
| Steel, unwrought | do. | | 116 |
| ——, manufactured | dollars | | 8,593 |
| Salt, Glauber | cwt. | | 92 |
| ——, other | bushels | | 28,435 |
| Segars | pounds | | 3,949 |
| Tobacco, manufactured | do. | 278,071 | |
| ——, unmanufactured | hhds. | 83,343 | |
| Tallow | pounds | 35,440 | |
| Tea, bohea | do. | | 231,842 |
| ——, souchong | do. | | 760,064 |
| ——, hyson | do. | | 101,785 |
| ——, other green | do. | | 125,542 |
| Tar | barrels | 58,181 | |
| Turpentine | do. | 77,327 | |
| ——, spirits of | gallons | 19,526 | |
| Wheat | bushels | 127,024 | |
| Whalebone | pounds | 134,006 | |
| Wax | do. | 217,889 | |
| Wine, Madeira, Malmsy, and London particular | gallons | | 22,399 |
| ——, all other | do. | | 32,648 |
| ——, Sherry and St. Lucar | do. | | 10,803 |
| ——, Lisbon, Oporto, &c. | do. | | 8,853 |
| ——, Teneriffe, Fayal, &c. | do. | | 16,509 |
| ——, all other in casks | do. | | 1,453,003 |
| ——, Burgundy, Champaigne, &c. | dozens | | 821 |
| ——, Claret and other in bottles | do. | | 40,346 |
| Wood, staves and headings | M. | 34,614 | |
| ——, shingles | do. | 75,156 | |
| ——, hoops and poles | do. | 4,228 | |
| ——, boards, planks, &c. | M. feet | 76,000 | |
| ——, timber | tons | 19,826 | |
| ——, all other wood | dollars | 55,924 | |
| ——, oak bark and other dye | do. | 88,470 | |
| ——, all manufactures of | do. | 203,175 | |